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The fyftene Joyes of maryage.

Radulphus kingeme comparauit

Somer passed/and Wynter Well begone
The dayes shorte/the darke nyghtes longe
Haue taken season/and brynghtnes of the sonne
Is lytell sene/and small byrdes songe
Seldon is herde/in feldes or Wodes ronge
All strength and ventue/of trees and herbes sote
Dyscendynge be/from croppe in to the rote

And euery creature by course of kynde
For socoure draweth to that countre and place
Where for a tyme/they may purchace and fynde
Conforte and rest/abydynge after grace
That clere Appolo With brynghtnes of his face
Wyll sende/Whan lusty ver shall come to to Wne
And gyue the grounde/of grene a goodly goWne

And Flora goddesse bothe of Whyte and grene
Her mantell large/ouer all the erthe shall sprede
She Wynge her selfe/apparayled lyke a quene
As Well in feldes/Wodes/as in mede
Hauynge so ryche a croune vpon her hede
The Whiche of floures/shall be so fayre and brygh
That all the Worlde/shall take therof a lygh

So now Wt is/of late I Was desyred
Out of the trenche to draWe a lytell boke
Of .xv. Joyes/of Whiche though I Were hyred
I can not tell/and yet I vndertoke
This entrepryse/With a full pyteous loke
Remembrynge Well/the case that stode in
Lyuynge in hope/this Wynter to begyn

Some Joyes to fynde that be in maryage

For in my youth/yet neuer acquayntaunce
Had of them but now in myn olde aege
I trust my selfe/to forther and auaunce
If that in me/there lacke no suffysaunce
Whiche may dyspleasyr/ clerely set a parte
I Wante but all/that longeth to that arte

yet Wyll I speke/though I may do no more
Fully purposynge/in all these Joyes to trete
Accordynge to my purpose made to fore
All be it so/ I can not Well forgete
The payne/trauayle/besynes and hete
That some men haue after they Wedded be
Because theyr Wyues/ Want humylyte

Who shall I pray/to helpe me to endyte
Cupyde or Uenus/Whiche haue me in dysdayne
And for my feblenes/in grete dyspyte
For yeres passed/may not retorne agayne
Now may I speke/and shewe in Wordes playne
Whan youth is gone/and comen is stoupynge age
Then Worldly Joyes/must go on pylgrymage

If I sholde prayе/vnto ymeneus
The god of Weddynge/to helpe me in this charge
Then Wyll he bydde me go to Morpleus
The god of slepe/for he hath Wayes large
Whiche With his rodde of leed dooth stere his barge
To bryngе forthe age/vnto his slepy caue
Pray hym of rest/and nothynge elles craue

I know e ryght Well/it is but vanyte
All Worldly Joye/medled With bytternes

Therfore these fayned goddes I lete them be
And me betake to god/Whose stedfastnes
May neuer fayle/neyther his sothfastnes
Besechynge hym/that for his moders sake
Ye Wyll me teche his lytell boke to make

And With good Wyll I shall me soone apply
This treatyse out of frenche to translate
Of .rb. Joyes/and yf I myght therby
Purchace but one/my selfe though it be late
I Wolde be gladde/for olde paynes I hate
Trustynge to Joye/no W som What in myn aege
As dooth a byrde that syngeth in a cage

Now to the effecte of this translacyon
With grete desyre shortly Well I procede
But speke I must/by protestacyon
Touchynge this mater/or elles gode forbede
Whome I beseche lowely to be my spede
Prayynge also/eche other maner Wyght
Take no displeasure With my Wordes lyght

Here endeth the prologue of the translatoure.

And the prohemye of the auctour begynneth.

Myn auctour Wryteth in this prohemye
That many men/haue trauayled here tofore
To she We by reason and auctoryte
That it is grete Wytte/and Wysdome more
For euery maner Wyght/of Woman bore
To lyue in fraunchyse/at his lyberte
Than seruaunt to hym selfe/and thrall to be

Without constraynt/but of his neclygence
His Wyll to folo We/and his vnclene delyte
As lusty folke in theyr adolescence
Haue suche desyre/and so grete appetyte
On Uenus brydle/for to champe and byte
Tyll they With loue be stryken to the herte
Wherby full/oft they suffre paynes smerte

Unto Whose reason/and opynyon
It may be sayd/and answered thus agayne
Man hath no good Wytte ne entencyon
In his yonge tyme/Whan nature dooth constrayne
Sauynge in Joyes/and delytes vayne
Of this frayle Worlde vnsure and transytory
None other thynge is in his memory

As thus Whan men in youth courageous
With fre Wyll ende Wed and lustynes
Of theyr desyre/and mynde outragyous
Withouten nede/but of theyr folysshenes
Frome Wele to Wo/frome Joye to heuynes
Conuey them selfe/from all theyr lyberte
Nothynge content With theyr felycyte

For Where as they may frely ryde or go
And at theyr choyse/dysporte them ouer all
Yf you ensure these yonge men Wyll not so
Whan they leest Wene/than sodanly they fall
And vnconstrayned make theyr bodyes thrall
Lyke to a Wyght that in to pryson depe
Without cause/all hastely dooth crepe

So do they oft for lacke of kyndely Wytte

And Whan they be Within this pryson strayte
The gayler cometh and fast the doze dooth shytte
Whiche is of yzen stronge/and in a Wayte
He lyeth oft/foz drede that thzugh delayte
By nyght oz day some sholde escape out
Ryght besyly he pzyeth all about

He barreth dozes/and maketh sure all the lockes
The stronge boltes/the fettres and the chayne
He sercheth Well/the holes and the stockes
That Wo be they/that lyeth in the payne
And out therof/they shall not go agayne
But euer endure/in Weppynge care and sozoWe
Foz good ne pzayer/shall them neuer bozoWe

And specyally men may call hym assoted
Ferre frome reason/of Wysdome desolate
That thus his tyme mysse bled hath and doted
Whan he had herde/suche pzysoners but late
Weppynge Waylynge/and With them selfe debate
Lyenge in pzyson/as he hath passed by
And put hym selfe therin so folysshely

This auctour sayth/by cause mankynde delyteth
Al Way to haue fraunchyse and lyberte
Without the Whiche/nature of man dyspyteth
Ryght thus in playne Wozdes speketh he
That many lozdes grete/the Whiche haue be
And lozdshyppes haue be loste and ouerthzoWe
Foz takynge fredomes frome theyr subgets loWe

He sheWeth eke in maner semblable
That grete cytees/With many an other toune
And comyn people of mynde vnreasonable

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Haue ben dyſtroyed/and ſodaynly caſt doune
Agaynſt theyr prynces/takynge opynyon
Deſyrynge fredomes/mo than here tofore
Theyr elders had/and thus they haue be lore

By reaſon Wherof/batayles grete and Werre
Haue ben/and many folkes alſo ſlayne
Syth Jheſus deyed/Was neuer thynge bought derre
Whan poore ſubgettes on foly Wyll pretayne
Agaynſt theyr prynce/or elles theyr ſouerayne
To moue maters/not beynge obedynge
Suche by the laWe ben execute and ſhent

Somtyme the noble realme and men of Fraunce
Exempte Were/and vtterly made fre
By theyr grete/proWes and valyaunce
Of the emperours/of Rome the cyte
As of trybutes/for Whiche batayles haue be
Bet Wene them/and the Romayns longe a go
In Whiche dayes I fynde it happed ſo

Upon a tyme/for cauſe that they ne Were
Of fraunce in puyſſaunce/able to Withſtonde
The grete army and the myghty poWere
Of an emperour entred in theyr londe
But for as moche/as they ne Wolde be bonde
Them Were leuer go from that regyon
Than to remayne vnder ſubgeccyon

Seruynge this emperour/and trybute pay
So of hygh courage/and theyr grete nobles
All ſodaynly/theſe nobles Wente a Way
Conquerynge coũtrees/ſuche Was theyr Worthynes

And after Warde retorned neuertheles
Home to theyr lande/in grete prosperyte
Whiche they tyll now haue holde in lyberte

Unto theyr owne vse/prouffyte and auayle
Wherfore folkes of many a nacyon
Lyuynge in seruage/constreyned with trauayle
Desyred to haue theyr habytacyon
In fraunce/and there vnder domynacyon
To lyue in Wele/lyberte/and rest
Wherby it grewe/somtyme the noblest

Realme of the worlde/that knowen were or founde.
Moost fayre in buyldynge/and inhabyte beste
The whiche in treasure/and scyence dyde habounde
Then for almoche/as they be fre at leest
Prudent in fayth/in lyuynge holyest
They sholde theyr subgets/in fraũchyse kepe & vse
After theyr lawe/and neuer to refuse

Ageynst all trouthe/and inconuenyent
It is certayne/and nothynge charytable
God knoweth well/the lorde omnypotent
A man to haue/a custome reasonable
Onely for hym selfe/ryght prouffytable
And for his neyghboure/vse it other wyse
Suche vsage sholde/all well dysposed men dyspyse

Herof it groweth that lyberte is lost
In people boyde/of reason and scyence
And thus vyces and synnes reygneth most
Some gyue to vertues lytell reuerence
Wherin to god/do they ryght grete offence

The comyn Wele/in generalyte
All men ſholde loue of perfyte charyte

Why it is thus/a man may reaſon make
Who loueth not his Wele pertyculerly
Hath but a lytell Wytte I vndertake
Whan he may haue a prouffyte ſyngulerly
Hurtynge none other creature therby
And Wyll not helpe hym ſelfe Whan he ſo may
But Wylfully dooth caſt his grace a Way

A fole is he/that Wyttynge Wyll go
In to a caue/a dyche/or elles a pytte
Whiche is aboue/bothe narowe and ſtrayte alſo
And all Within/full Wyde and depe is it
So that Whan he therin/is fall and ſhytte
Out may he not/for there he muſt abyde
As Wylde beſtes do in foreſtes ſyde

Trapped and taken/rygh̄t ſo this crature
In lyke Wyſe/thrugh his owne neclygence
Is in the dyche/Where as he muſt endure
Lyke as theſe beſtes/Whiche gladly Wolde go thens
Sekynge the Wayes With all theyr delygence
Out to auoyde/but ſo it Wyll not be
Tyme is not then/forth of the dyche to fle

Thus one may ſay/and therupon conclude
By ſuche as in to maryage be brought
And herupon to make a ſymylytude
Unto the fyſſhe Whiche hath his paſture ſought
And in a lepe/that is ofte Wygges Wrought
Is take/and out can not eſcape ne Wynne

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But euer dWell/and tary ſtyll therinne

The fyſſhe that ſWymmeth in the ryuer clere
As it ſhall fall hym ofte by aduenture
To rayle aboute/in places here and there
Fyndeth this lepe/the Whiche Without meſure
Beholdeth he With all his beſy cure
And he therin/the fyſſhes and the bayte
Dooth ſe/ſuppoſynge Well in his conſayte

They be in Joye and pleaſure at theyr luſt
And all aboute the lepe he gooth rounde
With grete deſyre/hauynge a veray truſt
To come to them/and Whan that he hath founde
The entre/in he gooth gladde and Jocounde
And to the ſhynynge bayte/he hyeth faſte
Wherof anone/he taketh his repaſte

To go agayne/he thynketh but a Jape
Forthe of the lepe/aſſaynge beſyly
A Way to fynde/hoW he therout may ſcape
And thens departe/to other company
He boreth With his byll all haſtely
His beſynes/and laboure is in Waſte
Abyde a Whyle/he ſhall for all his haſte

Therin to dWell in Woo and heuynes
And Where as he hath demed certaynly
Afore to haue had Joye/and luſtynes
There ſhall he paſſe his tyme ryght heuely
By men it falleth thus mooſt comenly
That put them in to maryage all day
Experyence Wyll Wytneſſe as I ſay

Though it so be/that folkes se before
These Wedded men/Within the lepe enclosed
In poynt to droune & drenche/yet not therfore
Wyll they forbere/ne tyll they be innosed
As houndes be of bones/it is supposed
There is not one/by other can be Ware
Tyll they be take/and holden in the snare

Thus What by foly/fortune or destene
A man may se the people euery day
Demeane themselfe/forsakynge lyberte
And shortely after that repenteth they
Desyrynge it to haue/but they ne may
At ony tyme/vnto suche grace attayne
And all to late/for them is to complayne

Moche more herof/myn auctoure dooth declare
In his prologue/or that he Wyll begyn
To shewe these.xv. Joyes/but I must spare
By losse of tyme/there is nothynge to Wynne
But pouerte/vnthryftynes/and synne
Wherfore in Wordes rude to make an ende
And of these Joyes to Wryte now I entende

Some men do call these Joyes sorow Wes grete
But yet they take them Well in pacyence
For of necessyte they must forgete
The care/trouble/sorow We/payne and offence
The Whiche they suffre at the reuerence
Of theyr Wyues/Whiche they may not forsake
And though they oft/myssе vse theyr eloquence
Lytell regarde therto a man sholde take

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Here endeth the proheme of the auctour.

And here begynneth the fyrst Joye of maryage

The fyrst Joy of maryage is this
As whan a man of tender yeres is
Flourynge in youth/plealaunt fresshe and gay
Then in this worlde/nothynge may hym dyslmay.
Ne other mynde/desyre nor appetyte

Confoꝛte/lykynge/pleaſure/Joye/ne delyte
Hath he except/how he may tye his poyntes
To cauſe his hoſe/to ſyt Well on his Joyntes
And make his byſage/and his lymmes fayꝛe
He bꝛuſſheth oft his goune/and other gayꝛe
His hede he combeth ſmothe ryght as hym lyketh
Wherof the heres/pꝛuneth he and pyketh
And maketh hym as clenly as he can
That folke may ſay/there gooth a goodly man
So Wyll he ſynge/daunce/and balades make
And bpon hym/mo entrepꝛyſes take
That he can do/oꝛ may atchyeue perchaunce
Thynkynge therby/hym ſelfe ſo to enhaunce
The fayꝛeſt creature/that he can eſpye
He wyll beholde/With ryght a luſty eye
As byſynge Well/Where he ſuche one may fynde
A Jolynet accoꝛdynge to his mynde
And Whan he hath her faſt in his demayne
Joyous he is/ryght mery/gladde and fayne
Foꝛ paraduenture ſo the caſe may ſtande
That by his faders/oꝛ his moders lande
Oꝛ by theyr other goodes he may mayntene
His Jolynets/and go ryght Well beſene
Lyuynge in reſt and eaſe habundauntly
Beholdynge other folkes certaynly
In to the bonde of maryage ybꝛought
Than in his mynde he caſteth and his thought
Lyke as the fyſſhe behelde the lepe/ſo he
Demeth/theſe Wedded men in blyſſe be
Hauynge the bayte/and paſture at theyr Wyll
Wherof they may/theyr appetyte fulfyll
Ryght Well he ſeeth the beatute of theyr Wyues
Suppoſynge that they haue ſo mery lyues

With them so Well appoynted and arayed
For Whiche the sely husbande hath not payed
It may so be percase/at many season
Some folke Wyll say/and she We this man by reason
That so her owne fader/or her moder
Her hath arayed/and demeth he none oder
And so this yonge man/torneth hym aboute
The lepe/Wherin of Wedded a route
Enclosed be/and thenne he dooth enquere
Of maryage/a lytell here and there
Soone here vpon/aryseth suche a Wynde
And smoke/that he therof is made so blynde
That he vnWare/in to the lepe is cast
Wherin he shall be kepte and holden fast
And Where as he Was Wonte in tyme afore
To synge and daunce/that may Well be forbore
Of poyntes byenge/purses/or thynges lyke
Herof shall he not nede/Whyles he may pyke
Upon the bayte/tyll he therof be full!
His besynes may cause hym to be dull
NoW Joyeth he a Whyle/and hym delyteth
To do pleasaunce/ryght Well he hym acquyteth
Newly so entred/in to the forsayd gin
And for a tyme nothynge dysmayed therin
Supposynge out to go/but there yet styll
He must abyde/and dWell maugre his Wyll
And to repent/there is no tyme ne houre
For With the sWete mete/the sauces soure
Contynuaunce Wyll cause hym to assay
Syth he can not escape by ony Way
And for to put his Wyfe in suche degre
As appertayneth of necessyte
It hym behoueth honeste to saue

And lo may be/his Wyfe an herte may haue
Right good/desyrynge to be fresshe and gay
For peraduenture/she this other day
Was at a feest/Where she dyde Well aduyse
Women of her degre/all other Wyse
Than she/appoynted/clothed/and arayde
Within her mynde/than to her selfe she sayde
That by her byrthe/she ought as Well as they
To be apparayled and in as good arey
So she compaceth/castynge in her mynde
The day and houre/out craftely to fynde
To her good man/this mater to declare
But her entent to she We/yet Wyll she spare
Tyll she With hym/at nyght be gone to bedde
For there these Wyues trust Well to be spedde
Of suche petycyons/as they requyre
Accordynge to theyr Wylles and desyre
Whan that this Wyfe/in bedde is layde thus
Sadly she sayth/for loue of cryst Jhesus
Syr lete me be in rest/for cuyll at ease
I am/and he Whyche gladly Wolde her please
Answereth and sayth/tell me Wherfore it is
That greueth you/she sayth grete cause y Wys
Haue I/for ye care nothynge What I saye
Or she We to you/in erneste or in playe
He sayeth than/Why speke ye in suche a Wyse
By god and all his sayntes in paradyse
She sayth/no myster it is that ye it knewe
For Whan I speke to you but Wordes fewe
Lytell accompt therof for rekenynge
ye make certayne/deemynge for other thynge
Suche Wordes I haue/and yet it is not so
Whiche causeth me/oft tymes to be Wo

Truly sayth he ye shall tell your dysease
Than answereth she/syr syth it may you please
Forsothe I shall you tell/this is the cas
This other daye at suche a feest I was
The whiche in trouth/me plased nothynge wele
And wherfore I shall tell you euery dele
Whan I there was/I thynke it veryly
There was no wyfe arayed soo symply
Though she were neuer of soo lowe degre
As I was than/ye may byleue well me
How be it syr/surely I saye not this
For praysynge of my selfe/but soo it is
I thaynke god of his mercy and grace
That I am comen/of as good a place
As ony gentyl woman that was there
I me reporte/to suche as knowen where
My lygnage and myn ancestres but late
Abydynge were/and for myn owne estate
This saye I not/sauynge I am ashamed
That ye or elles/my kynne shall be defamed
Nothynge care I/of clothynge what I haue
So that alwaye/your honour ye may saue
And than sayth he/in what estate were they
At thylke feest/now tell me I you praye
Now by my trouth/syth ye wyll knowe algate
She sayth/there was not one in her estate
Egall to me/but she a newe gowne had
And was than better besene and clad
Of what clothe were/these gownes sayth he
Of scarlet fyne/of grene or perce sayth she
Furred rycht wele/with menyuer or gray
With traynes longe/and sleues large/so they
Had eke of rede/or grene/all gyrdelles good

Hangynge vnto the grounde/and by the rode
Theyr go Wnes Were made of the ne West gyse
And of the best maner/one coude deuyse
But there had I vpon my Weddynge go Wne
Well ouer Wo3ne/and of the olde facyon
Whiche ouer lytell/and to shorte fo3 me
Is Waren as ye may perceyue and se
Fo3 I am gro Wen mo3e/syth it Was made
Than at my mary age/Whan I it hade
Fo3 Whan I gyuen Was to you alone
I Was but yonge and lytell of persone
And so moche Wasted am I no W fo3 payne
Whiche I of late haue had/that in certayne
I seme no W Wele a moder fo3 to be
To her that myght be moder vnto me
And in good sayth so so3e asshamed Was I
Whan that I Was amonge this company
That I ne coude ne durste make countenaunce
And yet had I mo3e payne and displeasaunce
Whan that a lady there/of suche a place
Afo3e them all Wolde saye vnto my face
Grete shame it Was my clothes Were so bad
And Wondred Why that I no better had
Fo3 Whiche they toke to me but lytell hede
Unneth they turne them Wolde/so god me spede
To Warde me/saue of theyr gentylnesse
Of very pyte and of lo Welynesse
The good man than her husbande ans Wered tho
ye kno We ryght Wele that We haue moche to do
Wherfo3e my loue no W herken What I saye
Remembre ye the same tyme and the daye
Whan in to mary age We entred Were
Plente of money/plate o3 other gere

We had but ſmall ryght Wele herof ye knoWe
For Whiche your ſelfe ye may ſuppoſe and troWe
That it behoueth vs noW for to bye
Beddes and other thynges haſtelye
And at this tyme ſyluer ne golde in ſtore
Lytell haue We hoW be it ferthermore
yet muſt We bye/for Wynnynge and encres
kyne and other catelles neuertheles
In ſuche a place/for our prouyſyon
Alſo this other daye there fell adoWn
The pygnon of our hous/for couerture
It lacketh/Wherfore dame I you aſſure
Nade muſt it be in haaſt of very nede
And alſo other maters for to ſpede
I haue/for Whiche grete money ſhall I ſpende
Or I may brynge my Werkes to an ende
And ouer this certes Within ſhorte ſpace
Unto thaſſyſe holden at ſuche a place
For me to go it is Well neceſſary
Bycauſe of ſuche a plee I may not tarye
That for your londe I haue to purſue there
Of Whiche as yet I may ſaye this and ſWere
I haue had lytell prouffyte or auayle
But ſpende my goodes/labour and trauayle
A ſyr ſhe ſayd/noW Wote I Well that ye
None other Wyſe can ſpeke but repreue me
Of my landes/this may I not abyde
And in her bedde/vnto that other ſyde
All haſtely ſhe turneth With a grone
Nayenge/for goddes loue let me alone
For ne uer ſhall I ſpeke to you agayne
What deuyll ſayth this man Why do ye playne
And are ſo Wroth/Without cauſe reſonable

I am not syr/ the sayth/ ne yet culpable
Though ye but lytell had/ Whan ye me toke
For dyuers to me spake/ that I forsoke
Of .xx. places/ Whiche Wolde noo good craue
So that they myght onely my body haue
In maryage Without en golde or rente
My person Was to them suffycyente
But so it Was/ that ye ofte came and Wente
And many a messenger vnto me sente
By suche subtyll maner crafte and mene
So that all other I refused clene
And had noo Wyll/ ony to haue but yoW
For Whiche grete blame & maulgre haue I noW
Bothe of my lorde/ my fader be ye sure
And of my moder/ out of all mesures
Wherof I may haue hate and grete dysdayne
And syr this questyon I aske agayne
If ony Woman/ at this sayd keest there
In suche a Wyse cladde or arayed Were
As I beynge to me/ in lyke estate
Nay syr not one/ I Was infortunate
Thyder to come/ for by saynt Johan I saye
The symplest goWnes/ that they gaue aWaye
Unto theyr chamberers/ Wers better cloth
Than is the goWne/ Whiche on my body goth
On londayes/ or on the holy daye
So Wote I not herof/ What is to saye
Woche people good out of this Worlde departe
Wherof grete domage is/ but for my parte
I saye/ yf god Were pleased I sholde decesse
To you it Wolde be lytell heynesse
For noo displeasure/ Wolde ye for me take
But hastely gete you an other make

By god ſayth he/that is nothynge Well ſayd
Suche ſymple Wordes/myght aparte be layd
For there is nothynge that I for you do
But Wele ye ought to take regarde therto
Turne you to me/& What thynge ye lyke beſt
I ſhall perfourme/for goddes ſake let me reſt
Sayth ſhe/no W ſothly nothynge alyeth me
And Wolde our lorde/that in lyke caas Were ye
But neuer ſhall ye touche me after this
No ſhall ſayth he/no ſyr ſhe ſayth y Wys
To make all Wele/than thynketh he and ſayth
If I Were deed I kno We it by my fayth
Unto an other/ſoone Wolde ye maryed be
Nay ſyr by hym that dyed on a tree
Touchynge ſuche pleaſure/as I vnto this daye
Haue had in maryage/I ſWere and ſaye
Durynge my lyfe/that neuer mouth of man
Shall touche to myn/and ſhe to Wepe began
Sayenge theſe Wordes/to god I make auo W
If that I kne We to lyue here after yo W
I ſholde ſo deale/that I afore Wolde go
The teeres fell do Wne fro her eyen t Wo
Thus he demaundeth her With Wordes fayre
All be it ſoo/ſhe thynketh the contrayre
The good man demeth than/he is all eaſed
But yet agayne/ in mynde is he dyſpleaſed
Suppoſynge/that of nature ſhe is colde
Of body chaſt/& deale With no man Wolde
Alſo he tro Weth that ſhe hym loueth Wele
Thus he in herte is eaſed euery dele
Bycauſe he ſeeth her ſom What Wepe afore
He truſteth that ſhe loueth hym the more
Wherof he hath a pyteous herte and mynde

And can not be in reſt tyll that he fynde
The Wayes how he may her content & eaſe
All that he can he dooth her for to pleaſe
In dyuers Wyſe/ With laboure and trauayle
But all for nought/ it may nothynge auayle
For ſhe al Waye a Wayteth for to pyke
Upon the ſtroke that ſhe afore dyde ſtryke
That is to ſaye/ a ne We go Wne Wolde ſhe haue
The Whiche for cruell ſtomocke nolde ſhe craue
She paſſeth tyme/ and no good Wyll ſhe do
But at ſuche houre as ſhe Was not Wonte to
Up ryſeth ſhe/ and after all that daye
A curſed angry chere maketh ſhe al Waye
And not one fayre Worde than Wyll ſhe ſpeke
So in her breſte the malyce dooth ſhe ſteke
Soone after this cometh the ſeconde nyght
That ſhe to bedde muſt go as is it ryght
With her good man/ & Whan that ſhe is layde
In bedde/ than he Whiche is not Wele apayde
Beholdeth Wele loketh and taketh kepe
On her to knoWe/ Whether that ſhe Wake or ſlepe
He Wele aduyſeth yf her armes bothe
Be couered Wele and ſurely With the clothe
And heleth them yf nede or mayſter be
Wher With anone ſuche countenaunce maketh ſhe
As thoughe ſhe Were out of her ſlepe a Waked
Slepe ye ſayth he/ I thought ye had ben naked
Nay ſyr ſhe ſayd/ What be ye not appeaſed
Sayth he/ no ſyr myn herte is lytell eaſed
Syghynge ſayth ſhe I thanke god of his ſounde
I haue ynoughe to lyue vpon the grounde
By god ſayth he/ dame We ſhall haue ynowe
Of Worldly goodes/ and nere to her he drowe

Sayenge I haue bethought me of a thynge
ye shall be at my cosynnes Weddynge
And ye shall haue ordeyned as goodly gere
For you as ony gentyl Womau there
Certes she sayth/all thoughe ye saye the best
Of all this yere/ I Wyll go to no feest
Now by my fayth he sayth but yet ye shall
And What ye Wyll demaunde haue gowne & all
What I demaunde she sayth/that is ryght nought
For syr so god me helpe that all hath Wrought
I aske not to be Joly for enuy
Gladde Wolde I be forsothe yf neuer I
Out of your hous but vnto chyrche sholde passe
Matyns to hers euensonge and masse
I saye it not ne yet no Wayes seche
Sauynge onely for suche vngoodly speche
As Was amonges other Whiche I knewe
By my gossyp/Whome I fynde euer trewe
For she the Wordes harde all openly
The Whiche she shewed me full secretely
Than thynketh moche this poore newe Wedded man
And in his mynde to compace he began
Conslyderynge in What caas that he stode
A newe We husholde hauynge lytell gode
And moche to do he had by many a Waye
Not purueyed Wele grete sommes to paye
And fyfty scutes or syxty for this gowne
He must bestowe/and shortly saye it downe
And in his thought/cast a cheuysaunce
For there may be none other Wayes chaunce
But that this gowne nedely must be had
Wherwith and other gere she shall be clad
For he perceyued hath/by his aduyse

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His Wyfe a Woman is/bothe good and Wyse
He thanketh god/the lorde of heuen blysse
So fayre a Juell/to gyue hym as she is
From one syde to an other/he turneth ofte
In bedde he slepeth not though he lye softe
And it may happen soo/his Wyfe this seeth
Whiche subtyll is/and she Within her teeth
Wyll laughe/Whan that she knoWeth his conceyte
Whome she hath ouercome/With her deceyte
After this nyght/Whan comen is the morWe
Aryseth vp this good man full of sorWe
All ouercome With syghes/that he hath take
The nyght afore/for his good Wyues sake
And in auenture to the market gothe
With paWne or credence/for to by the clothe
And straytly vnto marchauntes he hym byndeth
Or elles to them suche Juelles as he fyndeth
Whether they be of syluer/or of golde
Whiche he somtyme had/of his fader olde
Then sellteh he/or elles.x.pounde or more
Of rente in mortgage layeth he therfore
Shortly this man/dooth so his maters spede
That he hath all suche thynges as in that nede
Wher With he cometh home all spedyly
And to haue thanke he demeth veryly
She syenge this/made semblaunt hym before
As though suche cost myght Well haue ben forbore
And that nothynge/she sette by goWne ne gayre
That he home brought With hym for her repayre
Cursynge all them With tonge/& not With thought
That fyrst so grete estate and porte vp brought
And Whan she knoWe that thynge Was sure she sayd
To her good man and hym besought and prayed

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He neuer sholde reproue her of the daye
That she had made hym spende for her araye
His money or his goodes/and neuermore
Her to rebuke/or elles vmbrayde therfore
For by the gowne set I nothynge she sayth
So that I may me kepe frome colde in fayth
And alway haue one peny in my purse
Whiche wyll suffyse to me though it were worse
Anone was made this gowne/and eke an hood
Also a gyrdell whiche was ryche and good
And now are comen the termes & the houres
Whan that he must content his credytoures
And this poore man not able is to paye
Bycause his golde and syluer ben away
And lenger wyll they not forbere this man
But execute in all the haast they can
They curse on hym/& she the same perceyueth
And therof all the circumstaunce conceyueth
And peraventure afore this curse procede
Or elles after the lawe dooth hym forbede
In chyrche to be/wherfore his company
Men wyll eschewe and grudge all vtterly
Hauynge dysdayne with hym to drynke & ete
And he but lytell hath and none can gete
Of money out of daunger hym to brynge
God wote what Joye he hath in his lyuynge
His wyfe goth cryenge in the hous aboute
Wher with a noyse she maketh and a showte
And thus she sayth/ha cursed be the houre
That I was euer in my moders boure
Forth brought or borne/alas it had not happed
That in the cloth/wherin I was fyrst lapped
I had be buryed/for neuer so grete shame

Betydde to ony woman ne dyffame
As to me and my kynne/now shall be layd
Alas I laboure sore/and fast she sayd
And all the laboure besyne sse and cost
That I haue done of many'a daye is lost
In twenty places or moo I had be maryed
If I so wolde/but lyke a fole I taryed
For where I myght grete honour & auayle
Haue had/and ryche sse/therof now I fayle
I know we how that theyr wyues be bysene
That wolde haue maryed me/whiche doth me tene
And therfore haue I heuyne sse and wo
That deth the lyfe nyll take my body fro
Thus she complayneth her without en care
Of her husbande/or how the good man fare
For hooly she hath sette her mynde vpon
Her owne estate/and shortely she is gon
Unto this maryage/and where she sholde
Haue thought vpon her husbande she ne wolde
But to this poore man putteth all the wyte
Lyke as an hors that can bothe playne & byte
This woman dooth/and she is cause of all
For she this man hath made so bestyall
Som what for sorowe/or elles wyse by playe
That well nygh wasted is his wytte away
So that he wyll not vnderstonde ne knowe
That she is in defaute/wyll he not trowe
And though he se the maters euydent
yet of necessytee he is content
But of the thought & sorowes to enquere
It is but waast/syth ye the cause s here
Of this man whiche can neyther rest ne slepe
That thynketh euery houre and taketh kepe

How that he may in ease this woman sette
And fynde some remedy to paye his dette
But yet is he more angry for his wyfe
Whiche curseth hym/than all that other stryfe
Thus soroweth he/in pouertee do wne fall
And frome that payne recouer neuer shall
Wycked he is/but smarte can he none fele
That all is Joye/to hym it semeth wele
Thus is this man within the lepe ycloſed
And parauenture so he is dyſpoſed
That he nothynge therof dooth hym repent
For yf that he out of the same were hent
Soone wolde he go agayne in to that gynne
And all his payne and woone wly begynne
yet sholde he neuer be in soo good cas
As he hath ben afore he maryed was
And there this poore man shall vse his lyfe
Endynge his dayes in wretchednes & stryfe

¶ Thus endeth the fyrst
Joye of maryage.

¶ Here begynnes the se=
conde Joye of maryage.

AS for the seconde Joye of maryage
It is whan ẏ this wyfe of her courage
Feleth that she so rychely is arayed
In suche a wyse as here tofore is sayd
And knoweth well ynough ẏ she is fayre
Than wyll she go frome home to take the ayre
To many feestes and assembles eke
And also holy sayntes for to seke
On dyuers pylgrymages wyll she go
All though the husbande be not pleased so
Her Journey enterpryseth she to ryde
With her cosyon and gossyppes at a tyde
And specyally for her kynnesmannes sake
Her pylg[illegible] deuoutly wyll she take
And perauenture yet it may soo be
That this man is as nyghe kynne vnto we
As vnto her/but soo hym for to call

Wonte and accustomed is she ouer all
It may be thought for some entent or cause
She calleth hym soo/but there I leue a clause
Her moder than seynge her besynesse
Cometh somtyme to this man I gesse
And as a Woman can begynne to clatter
She sayth his herte to tycle and flatter
This foresayd man/her cosyn is of blode
For her to go With suche a company is good
And other Whyle the husbande is lothe
That she sholde go/sayth sadly by his othe
How he none horses hath ne other thynge
Her to conuey to feest or gaderynge
Than shall the gossyp or her cosyn saye
I am ryght lothe by god and by this daye
To go/for myn hous so god me spede
Moche thynge haue I to do of very nede
And Were it not honour to you and me
Speke Wolde I not as now so mote I the
For syr soo god me helpe I know We it Wele
your Wyfe to go is pleased neuer a dele
She is a Woman leest that loueth Waast
Of ony lyuynge/for euer she dooth haast
Home Warde Whan she at ony place is oute
For your expence & charge she hath suche doute
So this good man/ Whos Wysdome is to seche
And sore abused With their flaterynge speche
Demaundeth Who goth in this company
Of men and other/and she sayth certaynly
My cosyon and my godfader also
My god moder/and many an other mo
your moder in la We/ Whiche is your Wyues moder
My good cosyn your Wyfe/and dyuers other

Also the wyues of suche a place in dede
And your cosyn and hers haue ye no drede
Other there be mo dwellynge in your strete
I dare well saye this company is mete
A kynges doughter for to be amonge
And be ye sure she wyll not tarye longe
Soo is this sely man on honoure sette
That in no wyse wyll he this vyage lette
And peraventure she that thus dooth speke
Shall haue a go wyne or other thynges to breke
The mater that the persone may be playd
And thus it falleth ofte as it is sayd
He sayth this company is good and fayre
But she moche hath to do/and grete repayre
At home how be it/for to goo as than
She hath a lycence gyuen by this man
Whiche to her sayth/be ware how by the dayes
ye be demeaned trauaylynge on your wayes
Also take hede at nyght ye lodge you sure
And god you kepe frome euyll auenture
The good wyfe than/whiche doth perceyue & here
That she hath leue/maketh coũtenaunce & chere
At home for to abyde yet had she leuer
Than forth to ryde/& from her home dysseuer
She sayth my loue this tyme no cause haue I
Out for to goo with suche a company
I praye you that I may not goo this season
Her cosyn than was nyghe herynge that reason
Answered and sayd/what cosyn ye shall goo
your gentyll husband wyll that it be soo
The good man than a lytell abacke doth drawe
And thus he sayth vnto his moder in lawe
Ne were it for the trust I haue in yow

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She sholde not go/this make I god auow
Ha my good sone she sayth by heuen kynge
That made this worlde/and euery other thynge
ye may as surely and Withouten drede
Suffre her to go as for to saye your crede
Thus they departe and on theyr Waye be gone
And as they go/these wordes than sayth one
Unto an other he hath some Jalousye
It semeth Wele he dredeth Jeopardye
Thus is he mocked by these Womens arte
For now come galauntes forth on euery parte
Whiche at the feest afore by auenture
This forsayd Werke haue made and put in vre
And there a Waytynge ben vpon theyr nede
For to conclude, and so forth to procede
But how this Wyfe now fested is & serued
For loue of her good man all vndeserued
And god Wote how she doth herselfe applye
To reuell daunce/and for to synge on hye
Also she maketh good and mery chere
But god Wote how she prayseth her bedfere
The husbande lefte at home Whyle she is oute
And seeth herselfe so prayed amonge the route
Certes these galauntes than her do aduyse
And se she is apparayled in suche Wyse
Perceyuynge Well her chere and countenaunce
Shortely to her ethe one hym doth auaunce
One profreth moche/an other offreth more
Harde is to me the cause to tell Wherfore
The Joly chere the praty trotte and pace,
With the demeanynge of a Womans face
Wyll gyue these louers cause & hardyneſſe
To se We for grace vnto theyr Worthyneſſe

One to her Wordes gracyous dooth saye
And other cometh as nygh her as he may
And setteth his fote a lofte on hers playne
Eke by the honde quyckly he doth her straynе
Also an other his loke casteth a syde
Full pyteously and sharpely for a tyde
An other than vnto her dooth presente
A dyamonde ryght fayre and orygente
Or elles a ryche rubye With a rynge
Whiche she receyueth With some other thynge
By Whiche thynges may she Well vnderstande
Of theyr entent/and fele it With her hande
If she haue ony reason brayne or Wyt
And other Whyles by fortune happeth it
That frome her chayre alyght Wyll she ado Wn
To doo some Werkes of deuocyon
Or vnto Venus to doo sacrefyse
But how can I not saye ne in What Wyse
This sely man at home in poore degree
Is made and brought vnto necessytee
For thylke estate that his Wyfe doth pretende
The mater thus hath dryuen to an ende
And made her go to gaderynges and feestes
Amonge a Wycked company of gestes
For vnto her they yolden be in trust
To haue theyr pleasures appetytes and lust
Upon none other thynge do they aWeyte
But how they may doo this poore man deceyte
The stroke Wherof he hath Without escape
Whiche comynly is called but a Jape
So he is causer of his propre shame
None other Wyght therof is for to blame
And thus it happeth by contynuaunce

That What by sygnes speche or countenaunce
Trouth of the thynge Wherof he Was in doute
All openly reported is aboute
Wherby he kalleth Jalouse in a rage
Out of the Whiche there is no Wyght so sage
That hym can moue/for Who that feruently
Of Woman feleth the cruell malady
There is no medycyne that may hym cure
The sekenesse is so sharpe Without mesure
Than Wyll he bete her bytterly and curse
Wherby the Werkes maketh he moche Worse
For chastyce can he not by daye ne nyght
His Wyfe but by his betynge maketh lyght
And hote the loue byt Wne her & her frende
Thus dryueth he the mater to an ende
And soo he other Whyles fortune may
One of her lymmes breke or kytte a Way
Wherby his castell or his pyle he loseth
Than as a mased beest he hym dysposyth
Withouten care and all he setteth at nought
Thus hath he founde ỹ payne Whiche he hath sought
And neuer after Wyll she loue hym more
Bycause that he hath beten her so sore
But for to passe the tyme and make a shewe
And of fayre Wordes speketh she but fewe
There this poore man in turment payne & Wo
Lyueth and yet he thynketh not so
And all these sore Wes/he for Joyes doth take
Soo in the lepe he is J vndertake
Enclosed depe/and yf he Were Withoute
yet shortely Wolde he in Withouten doute
There vseth he his lyfe in paynes al Wayes
And Wretchedly/thus endeth he his dayes

Thus endeth the seconde Joye of maryage.

Here begynneth the thyrde
Joye of maryage.

ANother Joye whiche named is the thyrdde
Of maryage in no wyse may be hydde
The whiche I purpose shortely to declare
Accordynge to myn auctour and not spare
The whiche is whan man in youth doth wedde
A yonge mayde/and whan they bothe in bedde
Haue had theyr pleasures largely and desyre
And well assuaged is the brennynge fyre
The hoot hervest is wellouerblowe
As it with me and other is I trowe
Soone after this her bely doth aryse

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And Wareth grete/as is the comyn gyse
Wherof the husbande al Waye hath the name
And peraventure he nothynge to blame
Is of the dede/for so it happeth ofte
As some men saye in preuy counseyll softe
And therat meryly Wyll laughe or hum
But this is de secretes mulierum
The husbande than in to suche thought doth fall
And turmentes that he ronne and trotte shall
To gete the Wyfe all she shall nede
Forth on his Journey/Wyftely doth he spede
And yf he tryppe or stomble by the Waye
He may fall in the myre by nyght or daye
And grete auenture shall be yf he bringe
Wytaylles that may be good to her lykynge
All thoughe he hath done neuer so grete payne
Whyles he Was out/tyll he came home agayne
And ofte it happeth so that for suche mete
As comynly she vsed hath to ete
Bothe luft and appetyte from her do pas
Bycause her stomacke is not as it Was
Than she desyreth to haue thynges straunge
And noueltees her dyerte for to chaunge
For Whiche this poore man must trotte on fote
Or elles ryde there is none other bote
Bothe nyght & daye/to gete Where he may fynde
Suche delycates as may content her mynde
And in this turment seuen yeres and more
Is this good man/and yet she euermore
Nothynge Wyll do but playe the Wanton so
That therof pyte hath this husbande tho
Whiche of the hous al Waye the charge doth bere
And se all thynges Well ordred euery Where

Erly to ryse/and late to goo to bedde
He must and se all maters be well spede
And on his husholde/after suche estate
As he is of remembreth he algate
Now dooth the tyme approche of trauaylynge
And she a chylde in to the worlde shall brynge
God faders than in haast/god moders eke
As she wyll ordre/besyly to seke
He hath grete thought and out goth in an hete
The nourysses and gossyppes for to gete
Whiche must her kepe of chylde whyle she lyeth in
What tyme his double sorowe dooth begyn
For so they drynke the wyne in euery houre
As in to olde botes one dyde it poure
Now lyenge in her trauayle payne and wo
This wyfe auoweth twenty waye and mo
On pylgrymage to go for her good spede
To be put out of her grete payne and drede
This poore man auoweth eke for to ryde
Unto all halowes/and now on euery syde
The gossyppes come/and this good man must gete
Suche bytayles as they may well drynke and ete
So that they may in suche a wyse be eased
As they shall holde them well content & pleased
This done/the wyfe and gossyppes talke togyder
And fast they carye in for drede of weder
All be it soo/this good man hath the payne
That trauayle must in wynde snowe hayle or rayne
And whan he is forth passed on his waye
One of the gossyppes wyll these wordes saye
Alas my gossyp whiche now is without
In harde fytte hath/that am I out of doute
A foule and euyll weder now it is

No force an other sayth so haue I blysse
He is rycht Wele at ease/and so be We
But yf it fortune soo/somtyme that he
Fayle of suche thynge as Were vnto theyr paye
One of the gossyppes to the Wyfe shall saye
Gossyp I meruayle moche/and so dooth all
This fela Wshyp/that it so is befall
And We haue Wonder What it may amount
That your husbande doth make so lytell count
Of you or of your yonge chylde here in trouthe
A gentyll herte Wolde pyte haue and routhe
Beholde it Wele/conceyue What he Wolde do
yf ye had chyldren fyue or syxe yet mo
It doth appere he leuoth you but lyte
Wherof bothe ye and We may haue dyspyte
Consydred Where ye lust hym for to take
He hath more honoure truely for your sake
Than euer ony of his lygnage bore
Haue had in dayes passed here tofore
By god I saye/that is our lorde Jhesus
Rather than my husbande serued me thus
I had Well leuer/eyther he Were deed
Or elles that he none eye had in his heed
Than sayth an other/gossyp fynde some bote
Let not this man thus cast you vnderfote
For he shall doo to you Whan ye be layde
As moche agayne or more/no W haue I sayde
An other sayth/my colyon I meruayle
ye take no more regarde to your auayle
Consydred/ye be Wyse of good lygnage
And he not lyke to you/though maryage
Hath coupled you and all men hygh & lowe
How ye hym suffre vnderstonde and knowe

And he doth you so grete domage al waye
Than doth the wyfe ans were agayne and saye
Truely my dere gossyppes what is the best
To do as in this caas so haue I rest
Nothynge know we I ne wayes fynde I can
To helpe my selfe he is so cuyll man
An euyll man he is/one of them sayth
But I shall tell you truely by my fayth
My gossyppes that be here/they know well whan
I was fyrst maryed to myn husbande than
Wen sayd he was so dyuers of his wyll
That it was wonder but he wolde me kyll
By god my gossyp though he so were named
I thanke our lorde he is now wryght wele tamed
For he had leuer fall and breke his arme
Than me to do dysplesure hurte or harme
But fyrst whan we togyder maryed were
To speke than he began with angry chere
And for to stryke as dooth a carlysshe mon
But by the sacrament of god anon
Fast with my tethe I toke the brydell so
That he me bette no more but tymes two
Wherin he played the bery fole and more
For after was I moche wors than before
And he hath tolde my gossyp sykerly
That he in me coude put no remedy
Now may I speke and do all that I wyll
And be it ryght or wronge vntrouth or skyll
Alwaye with me the last worde shall remayne
So whan he speketh I chekke hym vp agayne
There is no game lyke it/whiche is to playe
With players and put besynesse awaye
For gossyp neuer man yet was so harde

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If you cusure but yf he be answarde
Well by his wyfe she shall loone make hym fre
And debonarye/yf that she wytty be
An other sayth/my cosyn be well ware
ye speke to hym/and for no drede ye spare
Whan he cometh home/and saye the best ye can
And in this wyse/gouerned is this man
Than drynke they fast & saye saynt Johñ to borowe
And take theyr leue vnto the nexte morowe
What tyme agayne they wyll retourne to se
The maner all/how she shall gouerned be
But whan this poore man cometh home agayne
with vytaylles and with other thynge certayne
And seeth there is grete waast made in his hous
Of goddes and he is inly couetous
Than salleth he heuynesse and payne
For thought that hym doth by the herte constrayne
An houre or two by nyght he doth aryue
For he hath comen ferre to se his wyue
And for to vnderstonde yet ferthermore
How that she dooth/he coueyteth ryght sore
Whether she be hole/or how it with her is
In ony wyse to knowe wyll he not mys
One nyght frome home he dare not lodge without
Of his erpence he hath suche fere and doute
In to his hous with Joye entred is he
And all his seruauntes there in theyr degre
Instructed be and taught in suche a wyse
Lyke as the good wyfe lyst afore deuyse
For elles though neuer so good & true were thay
They sholde not tarye there well halfe a daye
Now he demaundeth how the good wyfe doth
And therof wyll he vnderstonde the soth

Than ſayth her chamberer Whiche dooth her kepe
Syr ſhe is very ſeke and may not ſlepe
Syth ye departed hens ete myght ſhe not
But lytell ſhe amended is god Wot
Than is this man all ſoro Wfull and ſadde
Whiche hath ben Wette w̄ reyne & harde beſtadde
For oftentyme by hym and other moo
Parauenture it may Well happen ſoo
That he is kaynte and his hors at aſſaye
For he hath paſſed by an euyll Waye
And they percas of all the daye afore
Haue neyther dronke ne eten laſſe ne more
And yet Wyll not this poore man ete a bytte
Tyll tyme that he may vnderſtonde & Wytte
How his Wyfe dooth/& than the chambrerere
Olde matrones/& the nouryſe dra Wen nere
And ſeruauntes Whiche enkourmed ben how they
After theyr charge ſhall them demeane al Wey
They ſhe We theyr perſonages as they Were Wroth
Than Wyll not he abyde/but vp he goth
In to the chambre/comynge her agayne
And at his entre/ſoftely ſhe dooth playne
Upon the bedde afore her leneth he
Sayenge my beſtbyloued how do ye
Ryght ſeke ſhe ſayth my lorde/and than he there
Demaundeth how in What a Wyſe and Where
My loue ſayth ſhe/ye know We Well that of late
I am made feble/and in poore eſtate
Than anſWereth he to her as in this Wyſe
Haue ye not ordeyned ſo that ſome colyſe
Of a fatte capon for you may be made
Now ſyr ſo god me helpe/ryght ſo I hadde
She ſayth of late/but they it can not make

In sayth quod he loue I shall vndertake
To make you one full well and holsomly
The whiche shall no man touche but ye and I
And ye shall ete it for the loue of me
She sayth my loue I wyll well it so be
This good man than goth to the coke in hast
He stampeth fast and ordeyned herre past
Fast chydeth he/and sayth they be but bestes
For they can dyght no metes at requestes
Than hastely he dooth this souppynge bere
Unto this wyfe/and whan he cometh there
With prayer he enforceth her to take
Som what therof and ete well for his sake
And so she dooth and sayth syr good it is
But so was not that they haue made or this
For it was nothynge worth a symple fle
And with that worde frome her departeth he
To souper/and ado wne he dooth hym sette
And therupon the bytaylles be forth sette
None of the delycates that gossyppes ete
The daye afore/whiche were not for hym mete
Not perauenture of the messes chefe
He had but of the fragmentes and relefe
Wherof the olde wyues haue take theyr fyll
And god wote in what wyse they dranke theyr tyll
Thus was this wery man at souper fedde
Wher with he is content and goth to bedde
All sobrely with heuynesse and sorowe
And whan that comen is the nexte morowe
Unto his wyfe he gooth/and in this wyse
He sayth/my loue tyme is ye awake and ryse
And go to masse for we so moche do spende
That all our money ryght is at an ende

This cost is grete/ We may not bere out it
And she answereth/ a syr it is not yet
No Whyle syth I was layde/ so grete payne
I haue that yet I can not well sustayne
Myselfe/ but no W I wote it and byleue
ye thynge it longe/ and lore it doth you greue
That I ne laboure in the hous agayne
In suche a wyse as though I sholde be slayne
I vnderstonde it is your mynde and wyll
That in this wyse I sholde my selfe do kyll
Alas I se in tyme to come that I
Right moche shall haue to suffre certaynly
If that I sholde haue .x. or .xii. yet mo
Chyldren/ but god defende that it be so
For yf it myght hym please I wolde be gladde
That neuer one after this tyme I hadde
And please it to god that I more chylde haue neuer
But his cõmaundement be perfourmed euer
In me and all his wyll to Why obeyd
Ha sayd this man/ alas What haue ye sayd
ye mone yourselfe Without cause or encheson
For I date saye and make it good by reason
Was neuer poore man yet of myn estate
That suffre hath soo moche as I of late
Frome hens forth in it shall me lyke and please
That Whan ye Wyll ye aryse or take your ease
Than sayth she thus/ my counseyll is that one
Go streyght vnto my gossyppes all anone
And saye to them they come no more to me
For I am euyll disposed in certaynte
My loue sayth he they shall come and haue all
Suche thynges as may them please in specyall
Syr than sayth she/ no more let me be styll

And do ye all thynges as it is your Wyll
Than cometh a matrone With a Wryngled face
An olde kepster With Whome is lytell grace
And to the good man out her mynde doth breke
Pease syr she sayth/no mo suche Wordes speke
For to a Woman that is voyde of brayne
And feble/and so tender in certayne
Grete peryll is to speke so in her payne
And ther Withall she draweth the courtayne
So doth thys man lyue sorowfully al Wayes
And Wretchedly so shall he ende his dayes

Here endeth the thyrde Joye of maryage.

Here begynneth the fourth Joye of maryage.

The fourth Joye of maryage to tell
Is as to go fro me purgatorye to hell

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For it is Whan he Whiche hath maryed be
Keppynge an housholde after his degre
Where he hath dWelled styll. viii. yeres euen
And hath of yonge chyldren fyue or seuen
Passynge full many an euyll nyght & daye
Unhappely as ye haue herde me saye
Wherof he hath had many an euyll ende
Thus is his youth gretely made colde & spende
And it Were tyme for hym sore to repente
Yf that he coude/as synners sholde in lente
But of his hous Whiche he must kepe algate
He is soo tuly Wery and soo mate
That What someuer the Wyfe Wyll speke or do
Nought careth he/ne taketh hede therto
For he as harde and dull is as an asse
Whiche for no prycke ne spore Wyll faster passe
This poore man doughters hath yet one or twayne
The Whiche may fortune Wolde be maryed fayne
They redy be and on the houre they tarye
A Waytynge fast Who Wyll come them to marye
They be in Joye/and it may happen so
The man is poore/and lyueth in care & Wo
Nygh moneyles/and hath no grete substaunce
For maryage to make his cheuysaunce
Also vnto his sones he must bye
His doughters & his other small meynye
Doublettes hosyn kyrtels and vytayle
And many an other thynge Withouten fayle
His sayd doughters he must repayre and kepe
All honestely and gaye/elles Wyll they Wepe
And for thre thynges this nedely must be done
One is bycause they may be asked sone
Of dyuers galauntes dWellynge them aboute

An other is Withouten ony doute
All Were it so that this good man ne Wolde
yet so to be/for nothynge it ne sholde
For Why the Wyfe hath passed the same Ways
And she ne Wyll it suffre by this daye
Also there is an other reason Why
Bycause they haue good myndes & hertes hye
And are accustomed to be fresshe & gay
For other Wyse Wyll they not be ne may
And in auenture yf they other Wyse
Entred Were/anone they Wolde practyse
To haue theyr Jolynettes/for helpe and ease
But there an ende/of that I holde my pease
So is this man on euery parte dysmayd
These charges berynge/as afore is sayd
And perauenture soo he is bestadde
That symplely and poorely he is cladde
Of Whiche araye yet careth he nothynge
So he may haue a passe tyme and lyuynge
And this suffyseth Well to hym al Waye
As to the fysshe doth in the lepe to playe
Whyles he may haue a tyme and suffraunce
Therin to lyue and languysshe nt penaunce
And yet therby abbredged ben his dayes
So fareth it by suche a man al Wayes
The Whiche in to the lepe of housholdynge
Is put Where he shall suffre suche turmentynge
As I haue sayd/and other innumerable
And thus he seeth these thynges so chargeable
That all he sette at nought soo he lyue may
As doth an hors mor̄ounded by the Waye
Whiche none accompte doth set by spore ne thynge
That may to hym be done in trauaylynge

This not withstondynge/ whether he wyll or not
Forth hym behoueth for to goo and trot
To gouerne londe and lyuelode whiche is his
Right after suche estate as he of is
And peraventure he hath horses t wayne
The whiche be lene & poore for lacke of grayne
And it soo fortune may he hath but one
Or yet not one/ but forth he gooth anone
And .xx. myle or fourty from his place
He trauayleth/ within a lytell space
Unto the parlyament/ or to thassyse
Where he hath for to se we in dyuers wyse
For suche a cause/ as other thynges amonge
Hath ben dependant in the la we there longe
A payre of botes well of thre yeres olde
Or foure he hath to kepe his legges frome colde
The whiche full ofte haue mended ben alo we
Right craftely for drede it sholde be kno we
So that parte whiche was somtyme on the kne
Amyddes the shynne must nedely vsed be
Full ofte they chaunged haue theyr former face
And that hath brought them from aboue so bace
A rustye payre of spores he hath eke
Wherof one of the ro welles be to seke
Also of .x. yeres olde he hath a go wne
Not of the ne weste gyse ne facyo wne
The whiche for drede that he sholde it appere
Excepte on hygh feestes he nolde it were
Or elles whan he frome home sholde go or ryde
All other tymes it was layde clene a syde
The cause why it was of so olde a shappe
May be for soo it fallen is by happe
That go wnes be made all in a ne we gyse

But this to hym dooth Well ynoughe suffyse
And in his Wayes yf that he se or here
Ony Instrumentes or playes ay they answere
As semeth hym by so Wynge in his ere
Of his housholde bycause his mynde is there
He lyues harde and poorely by the Wayes
So do his horses/and his page al Wayes
Whiche page is all to ragged and to rent
As pluto Was that rode to parlyament
Upon his syde a rustye sworde and bad
He Ware the Whiche his mayster goten had
In flaunders at a bataylle/also he
Those bowges caryed that Were Wonte to be
Ofte vsed to conueye bethe nygh and farre
His legge harneys al Wayes in tyme of Warre
Soorely to speke/he doth all that he may
With lytell cost to trauayle by the Waye
For he at home ynough hath for to spende
Also these aduocates to hym offende
Sergeauntes gryffyers/and suche a companye
So largely take of hym that he doth hye
Home Warde as fast as he his hors can dryue
And perauenture Whan he cometh to his Wyue
It is nygh the morynge as the nyght
And Whan he is at home he dooth alyght
Where he noo souper fynde can ne espye
Bycause his Wyfe and other companye
Unto theyr beddes Were gone som What afore
Or he came home/but he dare saye no more
But taketh all in pacyence and gree
For here vnto accustomed hath he be
And yf it happe that he come in good houre
Wery and sadde With trauayle and laboure

Pensyfe heuy/and of his charges greued
Supposynge to be welcomed and releued
How be it many tymes he hath had
And he doth thynke ryght euyll chere & bad
The good wyfe chydeth than & clappeth fast
As though a tempest were or thonder blast
Within the hous/and yf that this good man
Lyst to cõmaunde/or bydde his seruaũtes than
To gete hym ony thynge that he wolde haue
There is not in his hous so lewde a knaue
That maketh accompte therby ne wyll obey
So by theyr dame afore taught ben all they
Wherfore to speke he loseth tyme and payne
But she ther with be pleased in certayne
And yf his sadde in ony wyse demande
Mete for hym selfe/or for his hors prouande
He shall be checked and rebuked so
That he shall not dare speke suche wordes mo
Also this poore man that is soo sage
Wyll make no noyse for hym ne for his page
But taketh all in pacyence and sayth
Dame ye do well/and yours in good fayth
Ther with she answereth hym all hastely
ye haue more lost and spent now folyly
Than ye wyll wynne of all these yeres twaye
I tolde you late in twenty deuylles waye
ye sholde haue made our henhous close or now
A martron eten hath this tell I you
Thre of myn olde hennes ye shall perceyue
What harme we haue therby/thus ye deceyue
By god I know wel yf ye may lyue your age
ye shall be poorest man of your lygnage
Fayre dame sayth he no moo suche wordes saye

I haue ynough/and so shall haue alway
Our lorde I thanke/and yf it do hym please
I am content/and thynke me Well at ease
For of my kynred there ben full ryght good men
In your kynred/ha se no W/sayth she then
By saynt Mary/ I knoWe not Where they be
And at the leest I coude them neuer se
Dame/by my/fayth he sayth/some be ryght gode
Of my lygnage/ I Wolde ye vnderstode
The Whiche be Worthe as mothe or more than ye
What they/she sayth/be they lyke vnto me
ye/dame sayth he/nay syr by god sayth she
I tell you Well your dedes Were but small
Without my frendes helpe in especyall
NoW fayre dame/for goddes loue sayth he
Haue pacyence/and lete suche Wordes be
Certes she sayth/yf that my frendes Were here
And you suche Wordes had/they Wolde answere
you Well ynough/then he the mater feres
Leest it by her/sholde come vnto theyr eres
Wherfore to kepe all thynges in pacyence
No more sayth he/but resteth With sylence
And here With all/begynneth for to Wepe
A lytell chylde/that can not go but crepe
And she anone/a rodde taketh in her hande
And in dyspyte/of this good poore husbande
More than for other cause or chastysynge
Upon the buttockes she dooth it bete and dynge
This lytell babe/and than he sayth no more
Bete it fayre dame/and Wareth Wrothe therfore
And she begynneth for to chyde and crye
In all the deuylles names of hell on hye
To gouerne them/she sayth ye haue no payne

They coſt you nought/but I haue cauſe to playne
For al way vpon them I muſt attende
God gyue it ſhamefull deth/and euyll ende
Ha fayre dame layth he/that is foule layd
With that the nouryce ſhortely dooth out brayde
And layth a fyr/full lytell do ye knowe
The lorowe that here is amonge vs I trowe
And what payne that it were to you/yf ye
Sholde kepe and nourylſhe them ſo as do we
Nowe by my trouth/than layth the chamberere
It is grete ſhame to you fyr/wyll ye here
For whan that you come home/we ſholde be layne
Of your compynge/but ye make noyſe and playne
And all your hous/ye ſet in grete debate
This man ſeynge this/and therwith is chekmate
Howe he on euery ſyde is pyrcked lore
And he can gete no remedy therfore
All wery dooth he ſouperles to bedde
And yf he ſoupe/god wote howe he is fedde
Or eaſed/after he to ſlepe dooth lye,
And hereth all the nyght his chyldren crye
For wytynglythe nouryce and the moder
Do let them crye/they wyll it be none other
In grete dyſpyte of hym whiche all the nyght
Dooth paſſe in ſorowe/vnto the dayes lyght
All theſe tourmentes/he for Joye dooth holde
For why/none other wyſe he lyue ne wolde
Therfore he is/and al way ſhall abyde
In ſorowe thought/and care on euery ſyde
And wretchydly his dayes in payne and wo
He ſhall endure/and make an ende vyght ſo

Here endeth the fourth Joye of maryage.

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Here begynneth the fyfth Joye of maryage.

Of marayge for to declare or wryte
The fyfth Joye/now god wolde I were quyte
So lytell fruyte or pleasure stante therin
That I am wery falle or I begyn
Whiche is whan ỹ the good man whiche is maryed
Longe tyme in trauayle hath/and wo taryed
And many a payne endured hath before
Whole youth is gretely ouer dra wen therfore
And he is veray wery faynte and mate
But by auenture it may so be algate
He hath a wyfe more greter of lygnage
Then he/and eke more yonger of her aege

The Whiche be two grete and doutfull thynges
To medle With/and namely in Weddynges
For better none can do hym selfe to Waste
Than in these two Wayne/to lappe or put in haste
His body/and Well vnderstonde it Why
For two repungnaunce/they be truely
Wherfore agaynge nature it Were and ryght
They sholde accorde by daye or elles nyght
And other Whyles so is that he and she
Some chylde may haue/or elles that none there be
This not Withstandynge she is nothynge sette
To payne/for Why/the good man Wyll not lette
But she be kepte in pleasure ease and Wele
Wherfore he traueyleth/and dooth euery dele
Whiche is to mayntene suche a Joly state
And costyous/as she Wyll kepe algate
And yf she Wolde haue thynge that there is not
That she may haue it/he Wyll go or trote
For she Wyll not make lo Wer ne empeyre
Her lygnage by her dyete ne her geyre
The husbande taketh all this for honoure
And thanketh god entyerly of that houre
In Whiche he of his grace/her hath hym sent
So What she dooth or sayth he is content
And often tyme it happeth at a tyde
Whan they begyn/to bercyfy or chyde
She sayth to hym by maner of manace
ye knoWe ryght Well/of What an house or place
I comen am/and Was not gyuen to the
A drabble or elles a dreuyll for to be
She sayth as soone/as I Wyll sende or Wryte
Unto my kynne and frendes of this dysspyte
Anone they Wyll come hyder for to se

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Now I do here/and therfore dare not he
For ony cause/ones touche her With his hande
With staffe ne stycke/for all his goodes and lande
Though he With mouthe/grete Wordes hath ysayd.
As styll he is/and muet as a mayde
In bondage grete/me semeth that he is
And so it may Well be that she or this
Had by her frendes maryed ben afore
Unto a rycher man/and better borne
Than he/and in a hygher state be sette
If that in her had ben no faute ne lette
But for there Was before some lytell Jape
That in her yought fortuned for to scape
To cole her thryft/as dyuers folkes Well troWe
She had not elles ben maryed hafe so loWe
Wherof the husbande had no knoWlegynge
Or perauenture he hath herde some thynge
But this good man/of suche fayth and beleue
Is made/that this thynge lytell dooth hym greue
For he hath herde it sayde/and so Worne of then
Of many folkes/and of ryght good men
That all suche cursed langage Was contryued
Agaynst his Wyfe/and he the same beleued
They saye it is bostynges and auauntes
Made by the meanes of Joly frysshe galauntes
And other sklaundrers that speketh shame
Of Women good/and falsely them defame
Whan they togyders in the stretes Walke
Thus of good men and Women Wyll they talke
What tyme that they nothynge may elles do
Unthryftely thus speke they euer mo
Wherin god Wote/grete syne do they & Wronges
In suche vngoodly Wyse to vse theyr tonges

And yf so be thys Wyfe beholde and se
Her husbande beynge in so lowe degre
That he all Joye hath lefte/dysporte and playe
Thynkynge to make a cheuysaunce some Waye
Upon her lande/or elles it may befall
Of cheuysaunce he hath ynough at all
And is a very nygarde/and a chynche
That Wyll not freely spende/but spare and pynche
The Whiche no pleasaunt thynge is to the Wyfe
That purposeth to lyue a lusty lyfe
By cause that she in seasons of the yere
Wyll haue these noueltees/though they be dere
As Well in vytayle/gounes as atyre
Gydels and other thynges at her desyre
Lyke as she seeth her fela Wes vse and Were
At feestes and daunces euery Where
There as her cosyns/and her gossyppes be
And With an other man/that al Wayes she
Useth to call her cosyn euermo
And peraduenture yet he is not so
Also somtymes Well it fortune may
That for the grete pleasures ease and play
She hath/and seeth in many a sundry Wyse
Dysdayne her husbande she Wyll and dyspyse
And make a frende/suche as she Wyll desyre
Her husbande then/in Water or in fyre
Way lye/for she Wyll loue hym neuermore
Som folke Wolde deme she Were to blame therfore
But ye muste take the mater other Wyse
For all is longe vpon hys couytyse
And he is sadde/and in perplexyte
But she is lyght/and in prosperyte
Not entred into thought ne negardy.

She is but yonge/and so she Wyll apply
Her youthe in pleasure/lustes and delyte
Lege is not mete vnto her appetyte
So louynge is she/to her loue and kynde
That to suche place/as she demeth hym to fynde
Ofte Wyll she take/her Journey forthe and Walke
Or secretely/and softly forthe Wyll she stalke
Unto her frende/that lusty is and frel she
For veray loue her lymmes to refresshe
And it may happen many tymes that she
Sauynge her Worshyp/seldon may hym se
Then for to speke her good name and honoure
Her messenger she sendeth at an houre
That he shall come/and se her hastely
The Whiche is done ryght Well and honestly
Soone after this/Whan comen is the nyght
And this good man and she Withouten lyght
Be layde in bedde/and he som What Wolde play
With her/Whose mynde is With her frende a Way
This gentyll galaunt/Whome of. viii. dayes a mo
She hath not seen/and yet it may be so
That on the morowe he Wyll come for his Wage
All hote and hasty/hongry in a rage
For perauenture he hath suche a tatche
That he hath morned lore/and keped Watche
Bothe in the gardyns/also in the strete
And they ne myght yet of longe tymes mete
Ne speke togyder/but on the morowe Whan
This man shall come/he Wyll be hasty than
His appetyte and honger to aswage
Grete and Wonder is/to speke of his courage
And it may fortune other Wyse Ftro We
That they haue had leyser ynough to know We

And so suche pleasure/as a man may thynke
But I dare neyther speke ne loke but Wynke
Wyn auctour Wryteth/but so Wyll not I
That she demeaneth her ryght Wantonly
He sayth an hondred thynges she can make
That toucheteth loue/for her good frendes sake
And many a token Wyll she she We and sygne
Of loue//the Whiche I can not Well deuyne
She maketh eke melancolyes amonge
Whiche to her husbande made she not of longe
Also her loue dooth besynes and payne
To do her pleasure/as he can agayne
So many praty Japes he Wyll begyn
That she grete Joye/and confort hath therin
And those suche maner Japes ben of playe
That Wedded men can not/ne Wyll assaye
And yf the can/afore or that they Wedde
Those they forbere/and set at nought in bedde
Wherfore to she We it to a Wyfe or teche
The Whiche more able is to rede or preche
Then for to lerne percase moche more than he
The good Wyfe can in her necessyte
Therfore he Wyll not teche her in that guyse
For she/than he more connynge is and Wyse
Now Whan this Wyfe/her loue hath at her Wyll
And they haue tyme/and leaser to fulfyll
Theyr appetytes/suche Joyes as they she We
To gyder/men haue herde of but a fe We
For there no Wyght is/that can tell or saye
The pleasure that haue ben bet Wene them t Waye
And so she hath had suche dysporte and spede
That nothynge prayseth she her husbandes dede
After the Whiche pleasures/Joye and game

As grete delyte/and pleasure taketh the dame
Of her good man/as one that tasteth Wyne
Whiche hath reboyled/and Wyll neuer fyne
After he hath dronke good Wyne or popocras
And other Whyle yet/thus may stande the case
A drynker good Whiche hath a feruent thyrste
And drynketh small and musty Wynes fyrste
Ye thynketh them good ynough/his thyrst so grete
Is/and the dryenes of his mouthe and hete
But after he therof hath dronke his fyll
He fyndeth a cursed tarage and an yll
And yf that he sholde draWe agayne and taste
yet though he myght/he nolde vnto it haste
But in defaute of better Wene it Were
Ryght so knoWe ye that this good Wyfe dooth here
The Whiche her louer/al Way hath at nede
At her desyres/suche maters for to spede
And taketh a taste somtyme at requeste
Of her husbande/for lacke of her good geste
To passe the tyme and dryue the nyght aWaye
But other Whyle/Whan he hath luste to playe
And she not so/she sayth lete me be styll
Abyde/and to Wardes morynynge do your Wyll
Nay certes dame/so Wyll I not sayth he
Wherfore I pray you/torne you vnto me
Nay loue she sayth/by god and by saynt Mayre
ye shall do me grete pleasure for to tarye
Vnto the moro We/and then he torneth aWaye
And dare not touche her ne no mo Wordes saye
So all the nyght/he lyeth styll in rest
And slepeth metely Well at her requeste
Then this good Wyfe/that on her loue dooth thynge
Not carynge Whyder her hysbande flete or synge

15258

Entendeth for to se vpon the morne
Her owne loue/ Whome she hath longe forborne
Sayth to her selfe/ for she is not alone
My husbande shall not yet touche my persone
To morowe/ and therfore erly she arose
And lefte her husbande/ routynge in the nose
And maketh suche a countenaunce as she
A houswyfe good/ and housholder sholde be
And peraduenture the husbande is in bedde
Whyles that his wyfes meters is well spedde
By her good loue/ and she hath her desyre
And he content is/ With his wage and hyre
Thus all that day/ she is so well apayde
That neyther seruaunt nedeth she ne mayde
In euery place/ so ordreth she the house
And skyppeth aboute/ as quyckely as a mouse
She clappeth to the doores and the wykket
And is as mery as it were a crykket
And somtyme it may fortune other wyse
Whan that she wyll not frome her bedde a ryse
But lyke a wanton or nycet play
Then wyll she playne/ a lytell afore the day
And this good man dooth aske her what she eyleth
In trouthe she sayth/ I thynke my herte me feyleth
Within my syde/ I haue so grete a payne
And in my bely Whiche do me sore constrayne
That it is meruayle/ but as Cryst me saue
I deme syr that the same sykenes I haue
The Whiche wonte was afore tyme me to take
And namely whan I ouermoche dyde wake
Torne you to me sayth he I you requyre
By god sayth she/ I am as hote as fyre
For this nyght haue I had so sore a fytte

That lytell haue I slepte/or nothynge yet
Then this good man her clepeth With his arme
And feleth Well that she is very Warme
He sayth then/trouth now saye ye certaynly
But she hath other maner malady
Of feuers/than that she Wyll tell or she We
For peraduenture/this falle Wyle shee We
Thought that she Was With her loue in her dreme
Whiche made the swetynge frome her body streme
Then this good man/her felynge in this hete
Dooth couer her frome Wynde/lest that the swete
Sholde in Warde passe/all sodaynly or drynke
Whiche Were a perylous thynge as he dooth thynge
To her sayth he/dame kepe you Well and sure
Lye styll in bedde/Whyle your swete dooth endure
And I shall cause suche Werkes to be doone
As nedefull is/and vp he ryseth soone
Perchaunce Withouten fyre or candell lyght
Some What afore the day/Within the nyght
And Whan he so is vp all hastely
He maketh a fyre for her/Whiche easely
Lyeth in her bedde/and laugheth by her selfe
That in the derke/he Walketh lyke an elfe
An other tyme/yf this good man play Wolde
With her/as I here tofore haue tolde
She Well excuseth her/in suche a Wyse
Full ofte/as ye haue herde me late deuyse
To scape a Way/euer Wyll she fynde a mene
For she his dede/not prayseth Worthe a bene
And yet hath he/grete besynes y Wysse
At many a tyme/her for to coll and kysse
But god Wote how Wel is eased therfore
If she be suche one/as is sayd tofore

Unto this man/the good Wyfe Wyll ſay thus
I Wolde that it myght pleaſe our lorde Jheſus
ye neuermore ſholde doo/ne yet aſſay
Suche thynges as ye or this haue herde me ſay
ye ſholde forbere/and how What Wolde yet not
Do it your ſelfe ſayth he/nay god it Wot
Sayth ſhe/for yf ꝑ ye ſuche thynge Wolde ſpare
Bothe ye and I ſholde moche the better fare
If I had knowen this or ye dyde me Wedde
I neuer Wolde haue gone vnto mannes bedde
What ſaye ye dame/now ſpeketh this good man
For What encheſon dyde ye mary than
I note quod ſhe/but Whan I was a mayde
So as my fader and my moder ſayde
I dyde/and thought ſhe ſpake ſuche Wordes Waſte
yet peraduenture afore ſhe toke a taſte
What thynge is this to ſay/the good man ſayth
I founde you neuer afore this by my fayth
To ſaythe trouthe in your entencyon
But al Way faſt in this opynyon
I Wote not by my ſoule ſhe ſayth my loue
This knoWeth Well the myghty lorde aboue
Ne Were it not/for your pleaſure alone
NoW neuer Wolde I do it by ſaynt Jhone
This man Well eaſed is/as god it Wolde
And to hym ſelfe he ſayth/my Wyfe is colde
Wherof he maketh none accompte ne tale
And peraduenture ſhe is Whyte or pale
Of nature feble/and complexcyon
But he hath her/in his ſubtelcyon
And her he clepeth/and he kyſſeth ſo
That all his pleaſure/hath he or ſhe go
And this good Wyfe/Whiche for the tyme is there

Thynketh on other thynges and elles Where
She Wolde she Were/and god Wote heuely
Is she content/but Well and Womanly
She kepeth her kyll/and dooth hym as moche good
As cast a stone agaynst a pyece of Wood
For helpe hym selfe/can he not ne socoure
And she nothynge is gladde of his laboure
How be it other dyde vyght Well afore
And she aside turneth her chere therfore
A lytell/for that tyme/so stant the cas
For this is not/the good Wyne ypocras
Whiche she afore at other tymes had
This dooth her sore anoye/for it is bad
My loue she sayth/ye make me all a fole
Better it Were for you vpon a stole
To sytte/and of suche besynes you rest
This good man Whiche all taketh for the best
Kepeth hym as Well/and derely as he may
That he of longe tyme Wyll by no Way
Do her displeasure/trespace or offence
The payne he dooth endure With pacyence
He doubteth lore the good Wyfe to displease
And so he resteth/som What for his ease
For he beleueth Well/that of the game
Nothynge she Wolde/in ony Wyse attame
So putteth he hym selfe in suche dotage
That he supposeth Well it Were domage
To her complexyon she is so lo We
And symple eke suche Wordes for to kno We
Bycause percase/that lately of her he We
She is dyscoloured in a maner ne We
Wherfore the mater better he beleueth
And it may fortune after thus it preueth

15258

That this good Wyfe a goune or other thynge
Of her husbande Wolde haue to her lykynge
She knoweth Well by his condycyon
Whan tyme is best to make a mocyon
Aduysynge in her mynde hym to begyle
To haue all her desyre/and on this Wyle
Remembreth she/that Whan they and no mo
In chambre be/and it dooth fortune so
That they in pleasures and delytes be
And in her mynde/she dooth perceyue and se
That he With some thynge Wolde haue to do
Then Wyll she put her good Wyll there vnto
And to make hym suche dalyaunce and chere
That it is meruaylous to tell or here
For Why/a Woman lerned in that arte
A thousande thynges ne We vpon her parte
Can do/to make good chere and dalyaunce
To Whome she lust/suche is the guyse of fraunce
So in this dede the good man is Well eased
For he is not accustomed to be pleased
With so good maner chere/and contenaunce
She clepeth hym With all the circumstaunce
And on the vysage/kysseth she hym ofte
Where as she lyketh/With her lyppes softe
Then this good man in this maner dooth say
I deme ye Wyll aske some thynge by my fay
Of me/and she sayth nay my trende as no W
Nothynge but make good chere I craue of yo W
For yf it pleased god/I Wolde deuyse
To haue none other Joye ne paradyse
Than euermore byt Wene your armes t Wayne
To be/Wherby eryled Were my payne
Truely my loue/and also god me saue

None other blysse Wolde I desyre to haue
For my mouthe touched not ne neuer shall
No mannes mouthe/but yours in specyall
Sauynge your cosyns and myn/Well may ye Wyt.
And not but Whan ye lyst to commaunde it
Syr I beleue so gracyous and swete
There is no man as ye/ne to me mete
My loue sayth he/yf it a squyre were
I Wolde beleue you for to be your fere
By/god she sayth/Whan ones I dyde you se
Fere of/the same syght so rauyshed me
And yet I dyde you but beholde a lyte
Than ye had all myn herte/loue and delyte
I Wolde haue had none other by my choys
Though it had ben the dolphyn of vyennoys
I thynke almyghty god/Wyll it so be
That I shall lyue With you/and you With me
For Why/my fader and my moder bothe
Dysplesed Were With me/and Wonder Wrothe
Bycause to haue suche one I nolde accorde
But neuer Wolde I by our blysſed lorde
Though that one Wolde haue slayne me Wᵗ a knyfe
yet thought I euer for to be your Wyfe
And I ne knoWe What thynge that thys may be
Sauynge I thynke it is our destyne
Than dooth this man his pleasure as hym lyketh
And she is yelden ther Withall and pyketh
A countenaunce and sayth/noW Wote ye What
I Wyll demaunde/my loue refuse not that
To promyse me I you beseche and pray
The good man sayth/I Wyll it not denay
yf that it be suche thynge as I may do
Ryght Well dysposed Wyll I be therto

15258

My loue she sayth/the wyfe of such a man
A furred goune with myne uers had on
This other daye/and yf that I durst craue
I wolde praye you/that such one I may haue
Syr by my soule/for pryde or for enuy
I saye it not/ne for to be Joly
But for by cause syr/that I thynke ye be
As able as her husbande to kepe me
And of more sustaunce/yf I sholde not lye
To maynteyne me/bothe well and honestlye
And she is not to make comparyson
That know ye well/as vnto my person
Ne syr yet to haue honoure/praye or laude
I saye it not for gyle/deceyte/ne fraude
But for this woman hath so grete a pryde
I wolde be gladde that she layde it aslyde
And for none other thynge so haue I blys
Than this good man/whiche perauenture is
A grete nygarde/thynketh in his entente
That she of gounes hath sufficyente
And so a whyle he resteth in a thought
And sayth my loue yf that it be well sought
Haue ye not gounes ynowe you to suffyse
Of dyuers sortes furred in goodly wyse
yes syr she sayth/for yf I but a goune
Had and no mo/though it were a russet broune
I wolde not recke/and yet it were grete shame
Than sayth this man/now care ye not good dame
Now lete them speke/& talke ynough with sorowe
For we of them/nothynge do begge ne borowe
By god ye saye the trouthe/but wyll ye here
I am not lyke vnto a chamberere
Of theyrs/and not so well clad de ne besene

As is my syster/ne as other bene
And yet of yeres/more olde I am than she
Whiche is a foule/and an euyll thynge to se
Then peraduenture/ Wyll this man consent
That shortely she shall haue all her entent
And What she Wyll desyre in suche a rage
Whiche vnto hym/is nothynge but domage
For Whan that her demaunde/and her requeste
She hath/for to be free/she than is she prest
To go Where feestes/and these daunces be
Wherof no maner prouffyte geteth he
Peraduenture she shall her dresse and paynt
And haue solytell vertue and restraynt
That she in suche vnthryfty Wyse shall preue
And neuer man suppose Wolde ne beleue
And yf this go Wne her pleasenot/ Wyll ye/know
She hath an other loue/ye may Well trow
Whiche peraduenture hath no ryches grete
And is a galaunt fresshe/and can not gete
More than to holde/and maytene his degre
And therfore soone/a duyse her selfe dooth she
Upon an other galaunt stoute and gay
The Whiche a dyamounde this other day
Whan that she Was/at suche a maner feste
Unto her Wolde haue gyuen as a geste
And sent vnto her/by her chamberere
Well twenty scutes/in his best manere
Or thyrty/but so soone she ne them toke
How be it/she gaue a goodly loke
All though she gretely/dyde refuse as than
Wherby luche comforte/toke this gentylman
That he spake to her chamberere agayne
Whome he met goynge/to Warde a fountayne

1528

Orelles Where/and to' her thus he sayde
O Jane my veray loue/come hyder mayde
I haue to speke some thynges With you now
Well syr sayth she/Whan that it plealeth you
Good Jane he sayth/ye know We ryght Well the loue
That I vnto your maystresse haue/aboue
All other creatures/now I you pray
Tell me ykye haue herde her of me say
Ony Wordes/syr by my fayth sayth she
Nothynge certayne/but good and honeste
And the Wolde you none euyll/hurte ne harme
With'that he taketh her softely by the arme
Saynge good Jane my loue remembre me
That I to her may recommaunded be
And in good fayth he here a goune I you gyue
With all my herte/and seruyce Whyle I lyue
Now certes sayth the chamberere agayne
That redy is to take the goune and fayne
Whiche he to her presenteth as I say
Syr I Wyll not receyue it by no Way
By god sayth he fayre Jane/but yet ye shall
It is god Wote/a symple gyfte at all
And then he sayth vnto the chamberere
I pray you that to morowe I may here
Some ne Wes of you/and thus god be your guyde
Fare Well syth ye/no lenger may abyde
Than to her maystres streyght she gooth/and sayth
Folkes haue I founde/in good poynt by my fayth
What be they sayth her maystresse/tell me now
The same it is/the Whiche ryght Well ye know
And he as yet/is in good cas and plyte
For he is taken/With the feuers Whyte
In suche a Wyse/that What is best to do

He knoweth not/loue dooth constrayne hym so
The wyfe sayth than/a goodly man he is
And gracyous/ye say full sothe yWys
The chamberere than sayth for in my dayes
Suche one I neuer knewe at all assayes
He is mooste fayre full ryche/and wellyshape
Mooste true of loue withouten deceyte or Jape
And he can do ynough/his loue to please
A lady myght/With hym be well at ease
O Jane she sayth/by god I can not haue
No suche thynges of myn husbande as I craue
And yet yf he me hate/he playeth the fole
For we shall bryngе hym/in to an other scole
By god my Jane/I haue so loued longe
This gentylman/though I haue kepte my tonge
That to none other/coude I gyue myn herte
So am I take/that I can not asterte
And this grete folyes/by god aboue
For ony woman thus to sette her loue
On ony man/that in this worlde is here
And I shall tell you why/Jane wyll ye here
For whan these men/on women lordes be
All sodoynly in mooste necessyte
Causeles theo wyll forsake them and betraye
And therof make/a tryfle or playe
Then cometh this galaunt or that other parte
And to the chamberere he speketh a parte
Saynge in this maner/With handes vp
Togyder Joyned/close as ony cup
My fayre loue Jane/right humbly I you pray
That ye wyll do/and helpe all that ye may
So that my werke ye Well achyeue and spede
And I shall neuer fayle you at your nede

So ye my mayſtreſſe/ſhall be euermo
Then anſwereth ſhe/and ſayth yf I myght ſo
Syr for your loue/I Wolde ſpeke What I myght
Bnt neuer medled I by day ne nyght
Of thynges ſuche/alas my loue ſayth he
What ſhall I do/for goddes loue counceyle me
By god ſhe ſayth/beſt is for you to ſpeke
your ſelfe/and vnto her your ſtomacke breke
All Well to poynte/the mater comen is
For of her huſbande/hath ſhe late or this
A goune deſyred/onely but of clothe
Whiche he denayed her/and ſhe is Wrothe
I counceyle you/to more We that ye be
Tymely at chyrche/Where as ye may her ſe
And Whan it happeth you/With her to mete
So as it lyketh you/ye may her grete
There may ye ſhe We/your mater and entent
And ſuche as ye Wyll/gyue to her preſent
All be it ſo/that ſhe it Wyll not take
yet more ſhe Wyll you/prayſe I vndertake
your largeſſe and your bounte ſhall ſhe ſe
Alas my loue/me leuer Were that ſhe
Take it that I Wyll gyue her/than refuſe
Now ſyr ſayth Jane/ſhe Wyll make her excuſe
But I ſhall ſay you/What thynge ye ſhall do
After that ye/haue offred her vnto
That thynge the Whiche/ye Wolde her gyue in dede
And ſhe refuſe it/than your cauſe to ſpedde
Delyuer it to me/and at the leſt
To cauſe her take it/I ſhall do my beſt
For I anone/can knoWe her mynde and fele
Now truely gentyll Jane/ye ſay ryght Wele
Then gooth the chamberere/in Cryſtes name

And Whan she cometh home/she sayth madame
A longe tyme it is/yf it you please
Or that some folke be brought to hertes ease
And Who is that good Jane/tell me anone
yWys medame/ye knoWe the same mon
What do a Way/I pray you tell me hoW
It is sayre Jane/What tydynge With you noW
Certes madame/he Wyll not sayle to moroWe
In chyrche to speke With you/and'all his foroWe
Unto you Wyll he she We/so as he can
ye'may be sure/he is a gentylman
But Well and Wysely/gouerne you al Way
And make it straunge/so as ye goodly may
Not ouer moche of straungenes ne dysdayne
Use may ye not/but so bet Wenet Wayne
Demeane yon Womanly/in hope that grace
Therof shall groWe Within a lytell space
Upon the moroWe this Wyke gooth to kyrke
As Whan a thynge shall be/nedes must it Wyrke
So dooth this galaunt/Which e thre houres & more
In good deuocyon god Wote afore
Passeth the tyme/and drafWeth to a place
Where he the holy Water/in her face
May cast/and for to kepe all thynge from shame
He vnto other Women dooth the same
The Whiche With her/be present than and there
And they thanken hym in theyr best maner
But this poore man/Wolde do them more seruyce
Ef he so myght/and dooth hym Well aduyse
That this good Wyke/styll resteth in her sete
Lyuynge in hope/some grace of her to gete
And layth his bedes demeanynge hym With all
As stWetely as anymage in a Wall

And god wote/she is dressed proprely
After her power/whiche he well dooth espy
Beholdynge how she kneleth in her pewe
So well apparayled/with so fresshe a hewe
And vnto her/anone he draweth nere
Where at theyr leyser/they do speke in fere
But nothynge wyll she say/but herkeneth styll
Unto the tyme/that he hath spoken his wyll
Ne nothynge of hym/then wyll she receyue
But so she answereth hym/that he perceyue
May well/that she hym loueth peramoure
And that she dredeth not/but dyshonoure
Wherof he is well eased/and ago
Frome her/and frome the chamberere also
And so he walketh forthe his stacyon
Then entren they in to collacyon
That is to wete/the maystresse and her mayde
Remembrynge well/suche wordes as were sayd
And shortely/so conclude vpon theyr dede
How that theyr werke/they may perfourme & spede
And then the chamberere sayth secretely
Madame I know well/he hath grete enuy
To speke to me but I wyll to hym say
That ye nothynge for hym/by ony way
Wyll do/and therfore wrothe I wyll me make
For pure pyte/the whiche I on hym take
And I shall to hym say/our syre is out
So he at nyght may come withouten doute
Into your chambre secretely I trowe
I shall hym let/as though ye dyde not knowe
And I shall shewe as I were wrothe/wherfore
He shall you pray/well better and th. more
And syth he after warde/shall lenger tary

The ſame thynge I Wyll do bryngе and cary
Whiche he Wolde gyue you/for I knoWe that he
To moro We Wyll delyuer it to me
And I to hym ſhall ſay/ſo god me ſaue
That ye it neyther/Wyll receyue ne haue
And Whan it happeth ſhall/that after ſoone
The proces and the actes be Well doone
Wherfore the goune/he gyueth you in reWarde
The Whiche afore he put in to my Warde
Then ye therfore/ſhall chyde me faſt and blame
Afore hym/ſaynge/damoyſell fye for ſhame
Wherfore dyde ye/this thynge With you retayne
Why Wolde not ye delyuer it agayne
But hoW ſomeuer it come to paſſe/knoWe ye
That I ſhall put all thynge in certaynte
For ſome there be that haue ryght many a Wyle
Wherby innumerable they begyle
Of Women good/and neuer can be ſtyll
NoW I/ane/frome this daye forWarde do your Wyll
For the gooth this galaunt than/and ſo dooth mete
The chamberere/ſomdele Without the ſtrete
And aſketh her/What neWes ſhe hath brought
Of her mayſtreſſe/by god ſayth ſhe ryght nought
I haue her founde/ſo daungerous and ſtraunge
That ſore I drede ſhame Wyll make her to chaunge
But for becauſe I medled haue ſo ferre
Thynkynge no tyme is/lenger to deferre
This mater/I ſhall ſay you What is beſt
That ye may do/to bryngе your mynde in reſt
Thyder ſhall ye go this nyght to Werke and ſpede
your maters/and yet haue I ſo grete drede
That ſhe Wyll to her huſande me accuſe
Or to her frendes/but I thynke and muſe

That yf she wyll receyue/ suche thynges as ye
To her wolde gyue/ your dede soone spedde shall be
And yet by god/ I shall proue and assay
To cause her take it shortely yf I may.
For well it is/ at poynt to bryngе aboute
The mater/ for her husbande tyden out
Is now/ and hath denyed her vtterly
A goune/ wherof she hath so grete enuy
That it is meruayle/ and this galaunt tho
Twenty scutes/ or thyrty/ elles mo
Delyuereth vnto her/ and Jane layth than
By god ye be an honourable man
But well ye se/ how I aduyse me
And yet I drede that troubled shall I be
For neuer dyde I thus/ for man or now
As I for you haue done/ I make auowe
And wyll ye knowe/ how grete daungere that I
Haue put me in/ and I shall tell you why
For yf so be/ that knowen were one worde
That ony thynge I sholde do by our lorde
Herin/ I sholde haue euer suche a blame
That neuer after/ myght I loke for shame
But for bycause I truste you perfytely
I shall me put/ in this grete Jeoperdy
Knowynge that she/ you loueth well at all
And that our syre is out/ wherfore ye shall
This same nyght/ come fayre and honestly
Unto her chambre/ and I secretely
Wyll let you in/ for neyther barre ne locke
Shall cause you eyther/ for to call or knocke
And thus at .xii. houres within the nyght
ye must walke in the derke without lyght
For that tyme sadly/ dooth she slepe alway

And there is but a lytell chylde in lay
To her in bedde than shall ye go and lye
For I can se/none other remedy
And peraduenture your dede shall be good
Now Whan a man/all naked is by the rode
In bedde With her/that naked is and bare
A full grete thynge it is and she vn Ware
And Whan she seeth none other choys ne rede
As styll she lyeth then/as she Were dede
So sore she dredeth shame and vylany
That in the derke she may not se to crye
For though she answere straungely on the day
At suche a todayne countre she ne may
O Jane my loue/this gentyll galaunt sayth
I neuer shall haue peny by my fayth
But ye therof that one halfe and Well more
Shall haue al Way/so Wele ye do therfore
Whan nyght shall come the galaunt gothe a pace
As Jane hym hath/aduysed to the pleace
And she vnto her maystresse secretely
Hath she Wed all the processe manerly
And Whan this galaunt comen is and crepte
In to the bedde/she letteth as she slepte
This galaunt there/her shortely doth embras
Then starteth she and sayth/Who is there alas
My loue sayth he/no more for it is I
A by the sacrament of god I crye
She sayth it shall not come to passe yet so
And thynketh for to call/on Jane Whiche tho
No Worde to her agayne answerde or sayd
Ha now I se it Wele/I am betrayed
Myn auctor sayth/the fyght togyder bothe
In dyuers Wyse/and she is passynge Wrothe

And fast she panteth/bothe for fere and yre
Whiche is as angrye/as the brennynge fyre
And sore abasshed of this rekenynge
ye may Well knoWe/it is a pyteous thynge
A Woman onely Whan she lacketh helpe
No more of strength is then a lytell Whelpe
But yf it had not ben for drede of shame
More hyghe she Wold haue cryed in goddes name
Then she dyde than but all Was for the best
That she to saue her honoure so dyde rest
Was neuer fythyll/shalmeuse/pype ne rote
That better dyde accorde in euery note
Of musyk/or in gemetrye then they
Whiche enterpryse/gode tyme agayne to play
Thus for the husbande that tyme beynge onte
Ryght Well to poynt ȳ Werke they brynge aboute
NoW hath this Wyfe ȳ goWne that Was denayed
By her good man/and she is Wele apayed
And for bycause he nolde it to her gyue
It shall cost hym full dere yf she may lyue
All be it so that he in tymes afore
Wele more then it Was Wrothe hath payed therfore
And this good Wyfe/all thynges to excuse
And bycause no Wyght herof sholde muse
Her moder Wyll she cause With dylygence
This goune to gyue her in his presence
All doubtes to auoyde that he may haue
Thus honestly she can her Worshyp saue
And she her moder maketh to bylcue
That this clothe she hath bought as she can preue
Of those lytell thynges Whiche she solde
Wherof her husbande yet she neuer tolde
So he therof dothe vnderstonde no dele

Or parauenture he may knowe it wele
And so it happeth ofte with her and mo
After this goune another cometh allo
That is to wyte/a newe thynge must be had
For her that she/may honestly be clad
Also of gyrdels harneysed two or thre
Of syluer gylte/elles angry wyll she be
Or other thynges/wherof her husbande than
Wyll be as sore dyspleased as he can
The whiche is veray melancolyous
Or lyke to Naball auarycyous
As I haue sayd afore/and he dothe doubte
Or naro wly he pryeth and loketh oute
So that he wele perceyue hathe some thynge
Wherin he toke no pleasure nor lykynge
Or vnto hym it hathe be tolde or shewed
Or her good loue/this galaunt all beshrewed
By some fast frende of his this hath he knowen
For at longe rennynge out it shall be blowen
Then entreteth he in rage of Jalousy
And putteth hym in to an agony
Anone he maketh semblaunt to go oute
And cometh at nyght/staryngeall aboute
Full sodaynly suppolynge in hys mynde
Oute of araye some folkes to fynde/
The whiche is not so easely to be done
Then hydeth he hym in his chambre sone
And by auenture/some thynge dothe espye
Wherfore he chydeth and she can wele replye
She feleth that she wylye is and sage
And that she comen is of good lygnage
This sely man remembreth hym agayne
Of his frendes how they haue spoken playne

So they in ryot and grete debats
And lorowe and care/shall rest vpon his pate
For Joyes shall he neuer haue in dede
Fro that tyme forth/but euer gnawe and fede
On heuynesse/and euer amonge a lye
Shall cast be in the vysage prately
His cheuysaunce/shall lessen sodaynly
Also his pore body shall be drye
So shall he cesse of werkes and besynesse
And neuer lyue in wele nor lustynesse
Thus closed in the lepe/abyde shall he
These paynes takynge for prosperyte
For yf that he this lepe were not within
yet neuer wolde he/tary rest ne blynne
Unto the tyme that he therto myght crepe
And put hym selfe in to the same more depe
Thus he ne wolde that otherwyse he were
Ryght so this poore man/as ye may here
Shall euer languysshe in captyuyte
And depe within the lepe shall barred be
So wretchely his dayes shall he ende
Fro suche auenture god vs all defende

Here endeth the fyfth Joye of maryage.

Here begynneth the syxte Joye of maryage.

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The fyrste Ioye of maryage it is ſo
That he whiche was wedded longe a go
Endured hath the trauayles/and the payne
As I afore haue ſayd/all or certayne
Of them/and hath a wyfe eſpecyall
Dyuers of her condycyons at all
A veray ſubtyll falſe and wyle ſhrewe
She is/as I here after ſhall you ſhewe
Cautelous wylfull/and eke malycyous
Froward/wanton/nyce and dyſdaynous
And her huſbande a good man is and playne
The whiche her loueth well/and ſhe agayne
Loueth hym I trowe/wherfore alway he

So as he may by possybylyte
Dothe vnto her/all pleasures that he can
For she of body is a good Woman
How be it holly her entencyon
Is sette so fast and her oppynyon
That euer by some crafte or subtyllyte
Fayle wyll she not to haue the souerayntе
And of her husbande Werkes Wyll she knowe
Whether he of his degree be hyghe or lowe
So Wyll she medle ofte and Were and speke
yf myster be/and many maters breke
Suche is of her the dysposycyon
And after nature the condycyon
Of all Wyues/What husbandes so they haue
Or at leest/the maystrye Wyll they craue
For tho this Wyfe be Wele & Wante tryst nought
yet euer Wyll she set her mynde and thought
To bryngе her husbande/into Wo and care
And make hym thynke and muse/euyll fare
And other Whyles it may fortune so
That he and she in chambre and no mo
Be all the nyght and som What of the daye
In theyr delytes Joye dysporte and playe
And they togyder kysse and make good che
But he aryseth fyrst that theyr dynere
May redy be/and also he must thynke
Do other thynges mo then mete and drynke
The hous aboute and Whan tyme is to dyne
He calleth her but she Wyll not enclyne
Unto his speche but sendeth do Wne anone
Her lytell chylde or of her seruauntes one
Whiche vnto hym then shall these Wordes saye
Syr in good fayth she Wyll not dyne to daye

Wele sayth the good man/go agayne in hast
And byd her come anone to this repast
Then gothe the seruaunt or the chylde and sayth
My mayster byddeth you come now by my fayth
To dynet sone for he Wyll nothynge eate
Tyll ye be come and set With hym at mete
Go say to hym I Wyll not dyne sayth she
Upon Whiche answere streyght to her gothe he
And sayth to her What ayleth you my dere
She speketh not/ Wherfore he drawyth nere
And sayth What chere my loue and is dysmayde
How be it he hath sene suche pagentes playde
Afore that tyme/but for request ne worde
That can be sayd she nyll go to the borde
But playe tyght so/and perchaunce in no Wyse
Wyll dyne that day for thynge he can deuyse
Another tyme/vnder her arme a syde
He ledeth her as thoughe she were a bryde
And they to dynet go/but colde is all
The vytayller on the table grete and small
For so longe hath she saused them to tarye/
Thus often tymes Wyll she do contrayre
To reason/and suche countenaunce and chere
With maners Wyll she make at her dynere
That no thynge Wyll she ete/ne bytte
For Whiche so dull and mate he is of Wytte
And lyke a mased beest for Wele the more
He loueth her/and hath her dere therfore
For suche melancolyes she dothe hym gyue
In thought and heuyneſſe to cause hym lyue
Wherin tyght Wele she dothe and cunnyngly
Syth he Wyll suffre it so curteysly
For Why a Woman for to gete the grace

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Of hym Whome she hath bounden in her lace
Hath not to do/syth that he loueth her Wele
With herte/body/mynde and euery dele
And dooth her all the pleasures that he may
Her nedeth not/With suche one for to play
But she must set her thought holy to gete
The loue of hym/the Whiche her dooth forȝete
And by her setteth/none accompte ne tale
She sholde assay to make suche one auale
Unto her hande by chere and countenaunce
By pleasaunt speche/ With all the circumstaunce
A fayre dede/she thynketh to haue Wrought
Whan she her husbande/in to care hath brought
It happeth other Whyle this man gooth out
Her Werkes/and his besynes about
And Whan he home Warde dooth retorne agayne
With hym he bryngeth of his frendes t Wayne
In to his hous/bycause he hath to do
With them/or elles ryght Well it may be so
That they of hym haue perfyte cognysaunce
Or elles they be of his acquayntaunce
Whan he Without is/as is sayd before
His yoman or his page/he sendeth afore
Unto his Wyfe/and prayeth her hertely
For to make redy/Well and honestly
The houses all about/and other thynge
For suche frendes as he Wolde With hym bryngē
Bycause to them/he gretely is beholde
Also he prayeth her hastely that she Wolde
Ordayne vytayles to make them Well at ease
For what he can/he Wyll do them to please
And he With them percase hath for to do
Now gooth this messenger his Wyfe vnto

And saluety her and sayth/madame truely
My mayster cometh/and in his company
Two of his frendes/men of good estate
For to be lodged here this nyght algate
Wherfore he prayeth you ryght specyally
To se the souper dyght be/and redy
And she dooth answere saynge/What haue I
And do with/feestes/or of his company
Why cometh he not hym selfe. to se it dyght
I wote not sayeth the seruauute by thys lyght
But thus to say/he hath commaunded me
Thou arte accursed knaue by god/sayth she
This fela we than holdeth his peas anone
And she in to a chambre is agone
Suche one she is/whiche dooth none other wyse
And worse is/she hath a praty guyse
For all the seruauntes here and there about
Bothe one and other/shortely she/sendeth out
And ouer this/yf chamberere there be
Or of her doughters/one/or two/or thre
The whiche at home abyde/be taught how they
Unto the good man of the house shall say
Whan he cometh home/and now he comen is
And calleth vpon a doughter fyrst of his
Or elles a chamberere/and sayth is all
Thynges redy made/the whiche we nede shall
In sayth she sayth/my maystresse is full seke
your seruauntes and your meyny be to seke
And certaynly as yet/nothynge is done
Wher with the good man wareth angry soone
How be it/bothe his frendes forth withall
He bryngeth them curteysly in to the hall
Or into other places elles where

As they be of estate/and fyndeth there
Nothynges redy for to make them gladde
It is no nede to alke/yf he be sadde
For peraduenture his frendes Whiche he brought
Perceyue ryght Wele enpzyntynge in theyr thought
That Where he sente his seruaunt or his page
Afore vnto his Wyfe on his massage
They myght Wele thynke that his commaundement
Was not so sure as acte of parlayment
This good man then dothe call his folkes on hye
But none of them he fynde can nor espye
Excepte a pore knaue or elles a mayde
That nought can do/and then he in a brayde
Gothe to his Wyues chambre sodaynly
And her to speketh hygh and hastely
Wherfore haue ye not done I you demaunde
As by my messagere I dyde comaunde
A syr she sayth so many thynges ye
Commaunde/that by the holy trynyte
One shall not vnderstande ne knowe Wele how
What for to do/o saynt Mary now
Then sayth this man/clawynge fast his hede
Now of this Worlde/the mooste vngodely dede
And euyll haue ye done and vncurteysly
Se here the folkes/that I mooste specyally
Am bounde vnto/how may I do therto
Sayth she/What Wolde ye syr that I sholde do
Now With your cosyns moche to do haue We
It sheweth Wele an vnWyse man be ye
Do as ye Wyll after your guyse for I
Care not therof a rysshe/nor yet a fly
Fayre dame sayth he I you demaunde Wherfore
ye haue sente out/your seruauntes here tofore

Knewe I quod she/that ye suche besynesse
Had dakeu on hande/howbe it neuertheless
She sente them forthe/in dyspyte wyttyngly
Of this good man/afore all by and by
Then he the whiche wyll suffre and obeye
Unto her kaute/dothe no mo wordes saye
But to her gothe with care and heuy chere
For parauenture suche his gestes were
That he had leuer/an hondreth scutes and more
Haue spente but she/nothynge dothe care therfore
She hath hym sene and knoweth he wyll not byte
And that afore he was not wonte to smyte
Shortly to speke he torneth hym aboute
And of his folkes gadreth in a route
Suche as he fyndeth and dothe the best he can
To welles of werke he demaundeth than
Fayre/fyne/whyte and other naperye ware
Of dyapre and byddeth that they none spare
And table clothes or they to souper go
But of the good wyfe/he is anl werde so
To waylles she sayth ryght good & fyne there be
And for moche better men/in theyr degre
Then be these folkes/and of as good a place
They gete none other as euer haue I grace
These other clothes in vessels ben to stepe
As walshynge tubbes/layed in the water depe
Howbe it for the to waylles I say not this
For erly haue I lost the kayes y wys
Of the dores/se howe the chamberere
Dothe leke them besyly bothe here and there
And of the bedde she torneth to and fro
The stra we/also the good wyfe thus sayth tho
I wote not what I haue done of late so bad

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My wytte and eke my heed is made so madde
With besynes/and mased is my brayne
That where for to renne/I ne wote certayne
Truely sayth he/I am begyled wele.
The coffres shall I breke now euery dele
A fayre thynge do ye than/the good wyfe sayth
And I shall tary with you by my fayth
I wolde ye had them all in pyeces broken
So that they neuer I holde be shytte ne loken
Suche thynge somtyme a man may do in haste
That after warde he shall repent the waste
Than how to do/he knoweth not what is best
But for all this/he is in peas and rest
Supposynge that she she weth hym the trouthe
And forth with all/without ony slouthe
Unto the table go they for to suppe
Of tresshe pypes/then to fyll the cuppe
Grete nede it were for wyne wherof they spende
Gooth lowe/and draweth fast vnto an ende
And it as now/is neyther good ne able
Well for to serue these gentylmen at table
And though that he byd one for to go
He geteth none/bycause she wyll not so
And as for these fruyte or other thynge
At his commaundement/or elles byddynge
None can be had/for yf he wyll them haue
Unto his neyghboure he must sende his knaue
A fore the table his page and theyr stande
And them amonge they compte and vnderstande
Seynge the wyues cursed loke and chere
They say by cause our maysters comen ben here
The wyfe is wrothe but after souper then
Tyme dooth approche ỹ these good gentylmen

Shall go to bedde/and this man dothe entrete
His Wyfe for shetes Whyte/but he can gete
None good ne fyne/bycause erly that day
Afore the good Wyfe lost hath euery kay
Hedshetes Wolde he haue/and pyloWes Whyte
And the them kepeth frome his ghestes quyte
In comen shetes so all that nyght they ly
But erly in the mornynge hastely
These frendes aryse/and hom Warde them auaunce
Whiche haue Wele knoWen the Wyues countenaũce
Theyr pages by the Waye haue compynynge
Wherof the mannes page made rekenynge
To them afore and laughen by the Way
Nothynge content the Whiche togyder say
They Wyll not theder come agayne of longe
Suche comenynge these pages haue amonge
Better had ben this good man to haue lost
Moche of his good then to haue ben theyr host
And so to bryngе them theder to his shame
Wherof the Wyfe all holly Was to blame
The same moroWe/I meruayle moche sayth he
Unto his Wyfe/o benedycyte
Of your maners/for Why I knoWe not hoW
I shall demeane or gouerne me With yoW
Ane maria/With me is moche to do
She sayth. I noury she chekyns duckes pygges also
And euermore I laboure and I spynne
And do all that I may some thynge to Wynne
yet can I not one houre haue on the day
Of rest ne ease/and ye trauayle al Way
Aboute nothynge/but euer Wast and spende
And of our goodes destroye and make an ende
Upon suche men With Whiche I nothynge haue

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To do/thus ye Wyll neyther gete ne laue
With them sayth he/yes these good men be they
That bothe vs helpe/anoye or hyndre may
Then sadly he remembreth in his mynde
How that his Wyfe so gentyll is and kynde
That Whan a galaunt cometh he dothe thynke
Anone she Wyll cause hym to ete and drynke
And vpon hym no good thynge shall be spared
Wherfore to her hath sayd and declared
That he Wyll not this galaunt come more there
And therupon he byddeth her forbere
To dra We hym to her hous/for he nothynge
There hath to do/and sye sayth I shall brynge
Hym Whan me lust and cause him to come ynne
Wherw̄ gret noyse byt Wene them doth begynne
The good man angrye then these Wordes sayth
Wherin he sheweth Wele the fole he playeth
Now by the sacrament of god yf I
After this tyme can fynde or elles espye
He w̄ you speke/I shall make you more Wrothe
Then euer ye Were/all be you leue or lothe
Now by my fayth she sayth nothynge I recke
All thoughe he Were hye hanged by the necke
Bnt now I se ryght Wele/it is full sothe
A good Woman the Whiche no synnes dothe
Shall haue as moche reproue/& more dyffame
Then she ye Whiche dothe Wyckednes attayne
She sayth yf that I suche a Woman Were
Whiche dyde her gouerne euyll in manere
I had no nede then for to be dysmayde
For moche better she had done she sayde
Then I now do/and thus he and the Wyue
Togyder make a noyse/and so they stryue

This in auenture/by the malyce grete
Of hym or her/in ſuche a fume and hete
They fall/that they Wyll not togyder ly
Of longe tymes in this melancoly
And that it is/that ſhe deſyreth ſores
For this ſquyer/of Whome he ſpake afore
Shall perauenture come Within the nyght
In at the backe dore out of his ſyght
Or elles clyme in at a Wyndo We hye
And to the Wyues bed go ſecretely
Not for to ſynne/ne do her hurte ne harme
But in her good mannes ſtede to kepe her Warme
For of her bodye ſhe Was good and treWe
As it is ſayd afore/or elles of ne We
Myn auctor baryeth ſom What in his tale
And taketh a knkko for the nyghtyngale
After all this the thynge is Well appeaſed
And for bycauſe the good Wyfe ſhall be pleaſed
This good man dothe begynne her for to flatre
And ſhe can ſuffre hym to ſpeke and clatre
For euer Wolde a Woman flatred be
And lyghtly/troWeth it in certaynte
yf it in prayſynge be of her godeneſſe
Of beaute bounte/or of/gentyleſſe
Thus paſſeth he the tyme tyll at the laſte
His Wyfe he fyndeth ſomtyme ſpekynge faſte
Unto this forſayd ſquyre in his place
Or in the chyrche/or elles Where as ſhe Was
At ſuche a feeſt and in to Jalouſye
He entreth in his mynde/more feruentlye
Then euer a dayes afore he dyde
By meane Wherof lo noW it is betyde
Of Worldly Joye he dothe hymſelfe defayte

And entreth in to the thought and a wayte
He lyeth and requereth subtylly
Her to espye or take with some foly
Wherin he playeth the very fole al waye
Bycause the noble herte of man ne maye
Ne ought of womens werkes to enquere
For yf he sholde/the faute know and here
Ones of his wyfe/he myght fall in suche plyte
That medecyne neuer sholde hym hele ne quyte
And then his shame/he sercheth in his mynde
Enquerynge fast and he the same doth fynde
Good reason is that he endure therby
The shame whiche he afore sought besyly
As in this case I counte hym cast a way
And lost/for on his body and goodes al way
Grete peryll renneth & aege cometh hym vpon
So is he folysshe lyke a beestly man
In euery thynge by reason of the play
And he within the lepe I dare well say
yclosed is/in sore we and heuynesse
Whiche he doth take/for Ioye and gladnesse
Seynge that he/ne wolde but it were so
Thus shall he dwell in paynes euermo
And so shall ende his dayes wretchydly
Syth he wyll fynde/none other remedy

Here endeth the.vi. Ioye of maryage.

Here begynneth the.vii. Ioye of maryage

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The.vii. Joye of maryage to knowe
Is as I fynde it wryten on the rowe
Whan that somtyme/the man whiche maryed is
Hathe founde a wyfe/as I haue layd or this
Whiche is a felowe good/at euery season
And neuer wyll refuse nor forsake reason
Whan it is proffered her/but knowe ye may
Thoughe she be good/as ye haue herde me say
And of her body chast or other wyse
yet euer hathe she suche maner guyse
The whiche a rule is named generall
In maryage and bled ouer all
For euery wyfe byleueth verayly
And holdeth this opynyon stedfastly
That her husbande the weykest creature
And moost wretche is a leest werke may endure.
As in regarde/vnto the secrete crafte
Of all other whiche in the worlde be lafte
And so it happeth ofte/and hathe ben sene
That whan a yonge lusty man and grene
Dothe marye hym vnto a good true mayde
And they theyr pleasures take and be apayde
In suche a wyse that maruayle is to here
And take all that he may within a yere
Of theyr dysporte/or elles in two or thre
Or mo in dyuers wyse so may it be
Wherby theyr youthe is greatly waxen colde
But yet the good wyfe by an hundreth folde
Her wasteth not so moche/as dothe the man
In no maner for she so wysely can
Her body kepe/fro besynesse and payne
With labour wyll she not herselfe constrayne
Nor yet with pensyfnesse to saye the sothe

With care ne ſoꝛo We/ſo as the good man dothe
And though they dyde but play/and make ſolace
yet Wolde ſhe not Waſte in ſo ſhoꝛte a ſpace
As her good man dothe in this ſecrete plays
Wher With then he/ſhe bettre may a Vaye
But trouthe it is/ Whan Women chyldꝛe bere
And they be grete/lyuynge in dꝛede and fere
Whan they dꝛa We nere theyꝛ tyme of chyldes byꝛthe
They ſuffꝛs peynes grete Withouten myꝛthe
Wyn auctoꝛ layth that it is to accounte
To mannes peyne/the Whiche all dothe ſurmounte
He layth the huſbande peynes be Wele moꝛe
The Whiche muſt thynke/and care all thynges foꝛe
Aboute his houſholde/as he hathe to do
He ſuffꝛeth anger trouble peyne and Wo
But of the ſoꝛo We/and the anguyſſhe grete
Of chyldes byꝛthe/all dothe he clene foꝛgete
Ho W be it many Woꝛdes dooth he ſpeke
Whiche in his bꝛeſt he myght Well ſhyt and ſteke
Foꝛ I Wyll not thoſe Woꝛdes put in ryme
But holde my tongue/and ſpeke Whan it is tyme
He layth theſe huſbandes beiy be to gete
But Wyues do no good/but dꝛynke and ete
And after this it falleth ſaunce fayle
That foꝛ ſuche thoughtes/labours and trauayle
The huſbande gretely Waſted is and ſpent
Wherfoꝛe his mynde he ſetteth and entent
Some elles Where/applyenge not the game
Moꝛe then of cuſtome/foꝛ to pleaſe our dame
And alſo yf he Wolde the fayte aſſay
Foꝛ lacke of po Wer/perchaunce he ne may
Perfourme his appetyte/deſyꝛe and Wyll
Wherfoꝛe as in that cace/ he holdeth hym ſtyll

But this good Wyfe/yet leueth not the crafte
Her luſte/ne courage be not her byrafte
As hotte ſhe is as euer ſhe Was befoze
And ſo it is that he may do no moze
Thenne foz be cauſe/her lyueree/and her fee
Of her delytes dayly mynyſſhed be
Whiche ſhe Was Wont to haue of her good mon
In noyſe tyot bothe they falle anone
Lyke as her leuere/mynyſſheth lyte and lyte
They ſo begynne to gren as they Wolde byte
And though this lyuere/Wyll her not ſuffyce
yet euyll dothe ſhe not/foz ſhe is Wyſe
But ſhe ne leueth of deme/that he
In poWer is/moche Woꝛs thenne other be
And ſhe the moze beleueth it by reaſon
Becauſe afoze ſhe neuer in her ſeaſon
Non other man/but hym onely aſſayed
Of Whome ſhe neyther Was content ne payed
And he to her Was in ſuffycyente
Without her lyuere ofte ſhe came and Wente
And yet by reaſon/and the oꝛdynaunce
Of holy chirche/it is a ſuffyſaunce
One man vnto one Woman to be knyt
But other Whyle/the Wyfe Wyll Jeopaꝛde it
Foꝛ to aſſaye of other/tWo oꝛ thꝛe
yf they ſo ſymple as her huſbande be
And thenne ſhe Whiche/ þ crafte ſo dare aſſaye
Paraventure beleueth it alWaye
Moze certaynly thenne ſhe hathe done afoze
And ſuche a fela We taketh ſhe therfoze
That of the crafte/ þ Whiche ſhe dothe begynne
But yf it be foꝛ dꝛede/ſhe may not blynne
Oꝛ elles/With plente/ſhe be ſatyſfyed

She Wyll not be content/ne pacyfyed
For Whan this fela We cometh happyly
He is enkampned Wherfore meruaylously
Dothe he/and she her husbande thynketh on
Reputynge hym/a veray semple mon
And of ryght lytell poWer she byleueth
The better for so surely she it preueth
For suche thynges as somtyme cometh by stelthe
Is better for a sykely Wyues helthe
Then suche as she at home hathe but a lyte
Hauynge therto no lust nor appetyte
And thus she is in fast byleue and sure
Experyence al Waye dothe her assure
And sometyme so fortuneth it that she
Another gossyp/Whiche hathe maryed be
And knoWeth reason/Whan it is to her she Wed
Good in her maners beynge and Wele the Wed
The Whiche byleueth eke that her husbande
As dothe that other/for she can vnderstande
And parauenture she hathe taken assaye
Of other mo as ye haue herde me saye
Wherof Wele gretter is the Werke and dede
Then of the good man hauynge lytell mede
Whiche gyueth not hym selfe to so grete payne
For Why he knoWeth Wele/that for certayne
Nyghe hym al Waye good plente shall he fynde
But knoWe ye Wele/that many meu by kynde
Use contrary to this that Women do
For surely they byleuen euermo
What maner Women so they haue and Wedde
They be mooste Wyse/and best for them in bedde
Of all other/but this rule other Whyle
Do fayle/and that is by decepte and gyle

Amonge rybauldes lyuynge in deſpeyre
To Whome no Wytte ne reaſon dothe repayre
Ofte it is ſene/that maryed men Wyll prayſe
The maners of theyr Wyues and vpreyſe
And euery verture Whiche they in them fynde
They ſhe We ſuppoſynge/ſurely in theyr mynde
That better Women/be there none then they
Ne lyke to them none can be founde they ſaye
In goodneſſe ferre all other they excede
Suche appetyte to them haue they at nede
Thus dothe myn auctor ſpeke of Wedded men
And forth Withall thus he declereth then
Saynge/that gladly ofte it hathe ben ſene
That Whan a Woman/hathe a Wydo We bene
Then ſhortely to another Wyll ſhe marye
And other Whyles ſhe nyll abyde ne tarye
A moneth but ſhe Wyll her Wedde agayne
For to aſſaye and proue in certayne
yf that another of his power be
So ſymple in his Werkes as Was he
The Whiche out of this Worlde of late is paſt
And thus in Wedlocke ſhe is bounden faſt
Wherin ſhe kepeth neyther trouthe ne fayth
But Waſteth folyly myn auctor ſayth
Loſeth and gyueth moche goodes a Waye
For Whiche her huſbande many a Wery daye
Hath had in loboure/or yͤ they haue ben goten
After his degree/but all hathe ſhe forgoten
By many maner Wayes dothe ſhe ſpende
As Well vpon her lemman/or her frende
As olde baudes/and on her confeſſour
A frere prechour/or elles a lymatour
Whiche yerely hathe of her a penſyon

For she of hym hathe absolucyon
Suche folkes haue grete power of the pope
For to absoyle/enserche/and for to grope
The conscyence of wydowes and of wyues
And them to teche how they shall lede theyr ly-
This man her husbande on ꝑ other syde ues
As warely/as he can dothe hym gyde
Withouten grete expence or elles coste
And casteth accompte/what he hath wonne or loste
Of marchaundyses/after suche degree
As he is of/and shortly fyndeth he
That in his godes he gothe faste abakke
And knoweth well ynough there is grete lakke
Thenne he ta syghe/and sorowe dothe begynne
And whan that he/his compter is withynne
Unto his wyfe/the whiche he loueth more
Thenne that he dothe hym selfe he speketh therfore
And thus he sayth myn owne loue verayment
I know not how our goodes be waste or spent
Or where they be become I can not telle
Golde or syluer wher with/we bye and selle
Wyne corne/and other marchaundyse
And yet alwaye I take hede and aduyse
The beest wyse that I can loke or espye
And haue to euery thynge/as good an eye
As is possyble vnto me to haue
Oure goodes for to gouerne rule and saue
So that one goone/that good is for my corce
I dare not haue/A syr she sayth no force
And whan that he is/in a secrete place
Unto his wyfe he speketh/this percase
Truely/but late it hathe be shewed to me
Some wordes whiche dysplealaunt to me be

By god my loue ryght so it dooth appere
For of longe tyme ye haue made euyll chere
She sayth/ I haue ben sore affrayed and dradde
That ye some hurte or heuynesse haue hadde
Or that some of your frendes had ben past
To god/or had ben kepte in pryson fast
With englysshe men/ytake at some affray
Nay nothynge so/but moche wors than ye do say
It is/Aue maria sayth she than'
If it please you/tell me good gentylman
What thynge it is/fayne wolde I that I knewe
Certes sayth he/my faythfull frende and true
Hath she wed me/that suche one maynteneth yow
And other thynges he hath sayd ynow
Then she begynneth for to crosse and blis
And many meruayles maketh she of this
Demurely she begynneth for to smyle
My loue she sayth/make no wors chere a'whyle
Of all my synnes/as quyte I wolde I were
And eke to warde almyghty god as clere
As I of hym am/and she ther withall
Her handes lyfteth/and letteth them fall
Uponher heed/and sayth myn owne herte dere
By this all onely wyll I not now swere
But to the deuyll gyue I all at ones
Under my handes/all be it flesshe and bones
If euer mannes mouthe yet touched myne
Except your mouthe/your kynnesmen and cosyne
And neuer but at your commaundement
The whiche ye knowe was but in good entent
Fy/fy sayth she/what maner is it
I am ryght gladde that ye do me to wit
I doubted it had ben some other thynge

But now I know from whens cometh this lesynge
And all these wordes vnto you shewed of new
But for what cause wolde god that ye knewe
He hathe it sayd to you for by my fayth
Right sore abasshed wolde ye be she sayth
For so moche as he maketh hym your good frende
But I right well am eased in my mynde
For he awaked hathe/the sleppynge catte
My loue sayth he now tell me what is that
Syr care ye not therof she layth but lyte
An other tyme I shall do you to wyte
Truely sayth he I wyll know it anone
By god my loue ye be an hastly mon
She sayth I was right wrothe be cause that ye
Made hym to come so ofte for to be
Within youre hous/but I forbere to saye
Be cause that ye loued hym so well alwaye
Tell me sayth he/certes my loue as now
She sayth no nede it is to tell it you
I praye you she it me so as it is
He sayth. And she thenne swetely dothe hym kysse
And clyp saynge my dere loue and myn lorde
Ha that falle traytour whiche make wolde dyscorde
Byt werte vst weyne/and do you euyll or gryfe
God gyue hym veray vengeaunce and myschyefe
Tell me my loue sayth he/what maner wyght
He is that thus wolde do/and what he hyght
Now in good fayth my lorde whome I loue beste
Aboue all thynges that in this worlde do reste
That false traytour and that sclaunderour
Hathe prayed me to be his paramoure
The whiche ye trust and louen so entyer
This hat ye he ben aboute more thenne two yere
But I alwayes haue hym full well refused

With grete payne/and maners that I vsed
And Whan he came in to your hous ye thought
It for your your loue had ben/but it Was nought
For With his falſe flatterynge Wordes gay
He came for no cauſe/but you to betray
Ne neuer ceaſed he tyll tyme that I
Say hd tat I Wolde tell you it certaynly
Nothynge herof to me Was charge ne cure
For of my ſelfe alWay Was I ſo ſure
And though I ſuche vnthryfty maners hate
yet Wolde I not make noyſe Wrathe ne debate
Bet Wene you thus and hym/me thought no nede
It Was/bycauſe I kepte hym from the dede
Alas there Was no faute in hym truely
For to haue done you ſhame and vylony
A ſaynt Mary ſayth the good man tho
He is a traytoure that I truſted ſo
For neuer had I of hym ony doute
By god ſhe ſayth/yf he come in and oute
And that I knoWe that he dooth With you ſpeke
Or dele then vp/our houſholde may Webreke
For after that I ſhall none With you holde
If ye ſo do/for ſyluer ne for golde
She ſayth/in fayth ye nede not me to garde
I am ſuffycyent my ſelfe to Warde
If it pleaſe god/I Wyll not noW begyn
Agaynſt his laWes to do/or vſe a ſynne
With handes Ioyned/to god almyght I pray
That fyre from heuen aboue deſcende may
And brenne my body all to nought and ſpyl
Well rather than I ſholde be in ſuche Wyll
Then ſhe clepeth hym in her armes tWaye
And ſayth my lorde/herken What I ſaye

Ouer falſe I were/yf I ſholde euyll do
To you that be ſo fayre and good therto
For what I wyll/my loue ye wyll the ſame
But yf I loued you well I were to blame
I wyll that ye ſo god me ſaue and mende
your hous frome hym forbede Wolde and defende
With whome your frende/me fallely hath acculed
And you deceyued thus/and ſore abuſed
How be it frely do I gyue or ſell
My ſoule vnto the foulеſt fende of hell
If euer he to me ſpake leſſe or more
But not withſtandynge yet by cryſt therfore
I wyll not that he come in place where I
Shall happen for to be in company
Than ſhe to wepe began ryght tenderly
And this good man appeaſed her ſpedely
Promyſynge her With othes grete that he
Wolde kepe and holde all thynges Whiche that ſhe
Afore had ſayd/excepte he nolde defende
This kelaWe frome his houſe/and there an ende
All be it in his herte With ſome remors
Ye ſhall be charged ſore/but yet no force
For ſo it happeth in concluſyon
That ſuche dyſpleaſure and deuyſyon
Bet Wene hym and his frende herof dooth fall
That he the greteſt ennemy of all
To hym ſhall be/the Whiche for loue hym tolde
Hath all the trouthe/Whome he beleue ne Wolde
So this good man a beray beeſt is made
Suche Joyes of the huſholde he hath had
And in the lepe he is ycloſed depe
Out of the Whiche he ſhall not lyghtly crepe
And this good Wyfe moche better in her guyle

Shall do/then euer she dyde or coude deuyse
And neuer man of her shall tell hym thynge
For he Wyll not beleue suche reckenynge
And he/the Whiche this velony hath done
The best beloued frende shall be then sone
That he shall haue/and thus aege hym vpon
Shortely dooth fall/and pouerte anone
Wher With perchaunce so sore he may be greued
That neuer after shall he be releued
Suche is the pleasure/Whiche this man hath founde
Within the lepe/and yet folkes on the grounde
Wyll speke to hym after theyr fantasy
One sayth of hym/thus as he passeth by
He is good Johan/an other maketh a shewe
With his fynger/an other vnthryfty shrewe
Sayth that it is grete domage for to se
This sely man in suche perplexyte
An other sayth/no force of hym in fay
It is nothynge but good vyght of the play
So lyueth he/With payne in pacyence
And all these sores Wes dooth hym none offence
The Whiche for Joyes al Waye taketh he
Bycause he Wyll that it none other be
So shall he euermore dWell in dystres
And ende his dayes in payne and Wretchednes

Here endeth the seuenth Joye of maryage.
Here begynneth the eyght Joye of maryage.

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Unto the .viii. Joye syth I must go
Of maryage/know ye that it is so
As whan a man suche meane hath founde & skyft
Thus he vnware in to the lepe is left
Wherin he hath had grete felycyte
Takynge his pleasures/yeres two or thre
And hath so besy ben to reps and so we
That well the hote herueste is ouer blowe
Then other mennes werke wyll he assay
No man at base ne barres may sporte al way
And peraduenture he hath had greuaunce
ynough of trouble/and of dysplesaunce
Wherof enfebled gretely than is he

So that regarde taketh he none to fle
Perchaunce his Wyfe/hath chyldren thre or mo
And grete With chylde agayne she gooth also
But she more seke is or this chylde be borne
Than she of all these other Was before
Wherfore the good man is in thought and drede
To gete her suche thynge as she must haue nede
But this good man/dooth his auowes make
To dyuers holy sayntes for her sake
And also she auoweth in that houre
Unto our blessyd lady of Rochemadoure
So happeth it/as god Wyll after this
And saynt Mary that she delyuered is
Of suche a fayre chylde and goodly thynge
As myght be Well the sone vnto a kynge
She lyeth longe in bed/now in this Wyse
The gossyppes to her come/as is the guyse
And maketh arete/andtt mery synge vp
Where besely gooth rounde about the cup
And so it falleth she hath two or thre
Gossyppes/the Whiche abyde With her/and be
Within the house to rule merely
With her/and gossyp in her company
And so shall peraduenture be that they
May talke of tryftles/Whiche I Wyll not say
And more goodes spende they in suche Wyse
Then for to fynde the housholde Wolde suffyse
The ne We tyme approcheth her/and she
Is purvyed With solempnyte
Unto the feldes then/to roue and playe
She and her gossyppes take the ryde Waye
Where as they speke to go on pylgrymage
And fast they entrepryse for theyr vyage

For What thynge so the husbande hath to do
They care nothynge/ne haue regarde therto
Then this good Wyfe of Whome We spekē of now
Sayth to her gossyppes I Wote neuer how
I may haue lycence to perfourme this dede
And they her answere sayngē haue no drede
Good gentyll gossyp/for We haue no doubte
But ye shall bryngē your purpose Well aboute
And We shall go and vs dysporte togyder
Whan god Well sende tyme and merye Weder
Now haue they entrepryled as I saye
This forsayd vyage and departe a Waye
One frome an other a myle tWo or more
And thenne this Wyfe of Whome We spake afore
Cometh to her hous. And Whan she drawēth nere
Unto her housbande she maketh euyll chere
And he is lately comen frome the towne
Or elles frome other Werkes and setteth downe
And her demaundeth how it With her is
Ha syr sayth she I am ryght Wrothe y Wys
Our lytell chylde is cuyll at ease and sicke
Wherof the good man is as angrye cke
And sorow full and cometh it to see
Whan he it seeth/the teres falle in his eye
For pure pytye/and thenne cometh nyght vpon
And Whan they be in secrete place allone
The Wyfe begynneth for to sygh and saye
Truely my loue ye me forgete al Waye
And how sayth he thynke ye not on sayth she
Whan that I Was in grete infyrmyte
Of our ponge chylde/and that I made auowe
Unto our lady of rochemadoure/and nowe
Therof it semeth ye take lytell hede

O god he sayth/my loue ye knowe what nede
Ther is/and how moche that I haue to do
Good syr she sayth. I put case it be so
yet neuer shall I be at ease ne gladde
By god tyll I this pylgrymage haue made
And by my fayth because we do not seke
These sayntes therfore is oure chylde so seke
My loue sayth he god knoweth well your good wyll
And myn also. Ha syr she sayth be styll
For certaynly yf it please god and you
I wyll accordynge vnto myn auowe
Go with my cosyns and my gossyppes als
Vnto our lady I wyll not be fals
Then this good man the mater myndeth sore
And peraduenture hath not all in store
That to this vyage sholde be requysyte
Accordynge to his wyfes appetyte
Now is he brought to suche encombraunce
That nedely must he must he make a cheuysaunce
Of horses/and perchaunce for them shall paye
A certayne hyre to trauayle by the waye
After suche porte/estate or elles degre
As he is/and it behoueth that she
A newe gowne haue to ryde in honestly
And peraduenture in that company
A gentyll galaunt is/the whiche shall do
With ryght good wyll some seruyce her vnto
Also this good man percase with her gothe
On pylgrymage all be he neuer so wrothe
yf he so do/moche better were that tyde
For hym at home to tary or abyde
Al way so sore she wyll hym chyde or chekke
That he shall bere the stones vpon his nekke

And neuer can she be content ne fayne
But Whan that he hath hurte myscheke or payne
Now in that Journey/as she sytteth softe
Upon the horse/she het complayneth ofte
A none she sayth/one stirope is to longe
An other is to shorte and lacketh a thonge
Also she sayth/her horse dooth trotte to sore
And eke to harde/and she is seke therfore
Then frome her horse she must alyght anone
And she agayne shall sette be hym vpon
This good man then/for he shall not be ydle
Ouer suche a brydge/must lede her by the brydle
Or elles a peryllous path/or a narowe Way
And Whan they come be frome this Journey
If he therby haue had Wele or dysporte
That it of her longe/she Wyll reporte
And yf that ony losse/or euyll fall
She chydeth and sayth/on hym it is longe all
So thus and other Wyse his goodes Waste
His housholde eke/and his expence in haste
Then mynysshed be/and she sayth hym before
How by his chyldren Whiche that she hath borne
She gretly Wasted is/and this man so
ycloſed is Within the lepe also
In sorowes grete/and paynes sharpe and sore
And taketh them for Joyes euermore
In Whiche al Way he shall be and remayne
And Wretchedly his dayes ende in payne

Here endeth the eyght Joye of maryage.

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Here begynneth the nynth Joye of maryage.

The nynthe Joye of maryage is When
One of these yonge lusty and fresshe men
Is put in to the pryson or the lepe
Of husbandry and can not go ne lepe
Out of the same/and grete pleasure hath hadde
Whiche ne Wely hath be founde in dayes gladde
And peraduenture euyll is his Wyfe
As many be/Wherby aryseth stryfe
And he a man is of good gouernaunce
The Whiche none euyll suffre Wyll perchaunce
How be it dyuers argumentes haue bene
And other Whyles strokes them bet Wene
So in suche Warre/Well thyrty or more
They haue contynued/and ye may know Wel therfore

He hath had moche to suffre and sustayne
For so may be that he hath had certayne
Grete parte of sorowes/and aduersytees
The whiche afore be sayd/in theyr degrees
And many other suche as ben conteyned
Here after in this lytell boke vnfayned
But neuertheless/ he dooth remayne alway
Victoryous/ What euer she do or say
And hath not ben in shame and velony
Though moche to suffre he hath had therby
And for to thynke vpon bycause that he
perchauce hath doughters fayre/ wel two or thre
Whiche Wysely he hath maryed here and there
To put them out of Jeoperdy and fere
So happeth it that in a lytell space
Suche fortune hath this fely man and grace
That for the euyll nyghtes and the dayes
And colde whiche he hath taken many wayes
A cheuysaunce to make/this man dooth fall
In sekenes of the goute/then forth withall
Or elles for aege/he is vn weldy so
That he can neyther vp aryse ne go
And whan that he is set in suche a place
As he shall in remayne his lyfes space
In euyll maner tourned is the chaunce
For than the warre is ended and dystaunce
And wers it is for dyuers tymes a daye
Of veray hate she wyll vnto hym saye
She is ryght well assured in certayne
How for his synnes/he hath all that payne
And one may thynke/ whan she afore hym is
Thus wyll he to her say/my louey wys
ye be the thynge that I owe best to loue

Of all the worlde/excepte our lorde aboue
And ye also of dutye ben ybounde
To loue me mooste of all that lyue on grounde
But wyte ye well/my loue that it is so
Some thynges be/that folkes vnto me dos
Wher with I am not well contente sayth he
ye knowe of ryght I am and so shall be
The lorde and mayster of this house whyles I
May lyue/but yet folkes do not lyke truely
To me/for yf that I a poore man were
Whiche sholde go fetche his brede bothe ferre & nere
Men wolde not do to me as is done now
And ye my loue may vnderstanden how
That I haue done grete payne and dylygence
To make a cheuysaunce for our expence
your doynges to sustayne/and your estate
And all our chyldren whiche to me of late
Behaue them selfe full symply as ye se
Ha What wolde ye that one sholde do sayth she
To you is doone the best we can or may
And ye wote not What we demaunde or say
Now sayth this man/holde your peas good dame
And kepe your tonge in rest for worldly shame
The sone allo to hym doth speke and rayle
So What this good man sayth may not auayle
And thus she and the sone departe hym fro
His herytage emperynge euermo
And for the good man/no prouysyon
Is made/and thus they in conclusyon
Agree and make accorde byt wene them bothe
That neuer creature/whiche cometh or gothe
Shall With hym speke/and then the sone anon
The gouernaunce presume Wyll hym vpon

And take the rule more than he dyde afore
And well content his moder is therfore
For she so dooth supporte hym and maytene
Also they make well euery man to wene
That he is fall in to a frenesy
Or is retorned to his Infancy
Thus vnto euery wyght sayth she and he
And this good man must take it all in gre
For other remedy none may be hadde
Amonge them so harde he is bestadde
And as to me I well beleue certayne
This is one of the gretest erthely payne
And sore we that on the grounde a man may fele
Thus this good man his penaunce dooth ryght wele
And so shall be in mornynge euermore
Endrnge his dayes wretchedly and sore
Cursynge the tyme that in the lepe he came
To be enclosed/and in this wyse made tame!

Here endeth the nynth Joye of maryage.

Here begnneth the tenth Joye of maryage.

The tenthe Joye of maryage to Wyte
Is as I fynde it in a boke y Wryte
Whan that he Whiche in to the lepe is brought
Bycause that he hath sene so as he thought
Other fysshes them baynynge in the same
Whiche to his demynge had a mery game
And so he trauayled hath tyll tyme he
In to the lepe hath founde the ryght entre
And one may say that he by subtylte
Made Was to come in to that gynne and be
Of maryage lyke as a fouler olde
These byrdes taketh in the Wynter colde
With other byrdes Whiche he afore hath had

And for that feate hathe them well taught and made/
And bereth them about vpon his backe
Within his panyer or elles a facke
Whiche with a threde be teyed by the fote
For to remayne there is none other bote
Woche eased were these poore bydes yf they
Wyght be at lyberte and fle away
As other do frome a ryuer or a dyke
Unto an other where they myght fede/and pyke
Of euery maner bytayle/for them mete
Whan other se these bydes by the fete
yteyed fast/they haste vnto the gynne
And sodaynly they be taken therin
But yf it be some wyle bydes that haue
Experyence them to preserue and saue
Froms suche daungere/and wysely can be ware
Surely to kepe them frome the nette or snare
For they in tyme afore haue herde and sene
Of other bydes whiche in that case haue bene
This not withstandynge they that wydded are
Of whiche we she we the passe tyme and declare
Haue them aduysed of this crafte/and they
But lytell euyll thought in it al way
Or elles percase without aduyse in haste
In to the gynne one hath his body caste
Where as in Joyes demed he to tary
Neuertheleſſe/he fyndeth the contrary
And other whyles it may fortune so
That for suche thynges as she wed are them to
By totelers or flatterers that vse
To cause descorde/and falsely folke accuse
The wyfe shall neuer more for erthely thynge
Her husbande loue/vnto her last endynge

Then Wyll she saye vnto her moder thus
Dr to our cosyn/by our lorde Jhesus
Whan I With hym in bedde am layde adoune
His flesshe it stynketh lyke a caryoune
And he to her shall neuer plaesure do
Ne loue/but euer lyue in malyce so
And ofte it happeth/many men that he
In suche estate/of hyghe and loWe degre
And Women bothe yet Wyll they not lyue chaste
But ease them selfe by other meanes in haste
And Whan that she a Whyle hath ben a Way
With her good loue/for to dysporte and play
And largely hath her parte had of the game
Then her to kepe frome velony and shame
Some of her frendes good/Wyll she entrete
Peace With her moder shortely for to gete
The Whiche by coloure/and craftely can saye
That she Within her house hath ben al Waye
The poore doughter pryuely is gone
For she so sore her dredde/that her good mon
Wolde her haue bet/as he hath doone or than
Wherfore vnto her moders house she ranne
And he hathe Wonder Where that she may be
But so it Was that after Wardes he
Within her moders house/soone dooth her fynde
To Whome he speketh With an hasty mynde
What deuyll brought the hyder/and for Why
Departed thou frome home so sodaynly
Syr by our lorde she sayth/for drede that ye
Withouten cause/sore Wolde haue stryken me
Then sayth the moder/certes me Were leuer
That ye sone/and my doughter sholde dysseu
And that ye leue her here With me to kepe

Then for to bete her al Way tyll she wepe
For I know We Well/my doughter hath not done
Defaute to you/but ye be angry sone
Be holde this mater/loke theron and se
If she of euyll gouernaunce had be
She had be lost/but ye may se here
Frome shame and my rule for to kepe her clere
Streyght vnto me she came/for she ne had
None other helpe/ Wherof ye may be glad
And she by ryght/her may repente and re We
That she to you/hath ben so kynde and tr We
And it may fortune other Whyles that they
Demaunde to be departed by some Wey
Wherfore the husbande dooth accuse the Wyfe
And she agayne/as sharpe as I Werde or knyfe
Unto the husbande quyckely dooth the same
ye may be sure/her tonge shall not be lame
So are they in the lepe/and Wolde be out
But so it may not be Withouten doute
It is no tyme them to repente/for Why
Then is none other Way ne remedy
Afore the la We/faste do they plede theyr cause
And by theyr aduocates she We many a clause
But other Whyle allegge they no cause Why
They sholde haue theyr entente so hastely
Than sayth ỹ Juge ryght playnly in Jugement
Unto them thus by good aduysement
The la We it Wyll that ye togyder holde
In company your lyues and housholde
And here vnto the Juge them dooth aduyse
But so to do/yet be they not so Wyse
For Why/suche goodes as they hadde afore
They haue myssed vsed euyll spente and lore

And yet they be not Wery but endure
In theyr oppynyons sydfaste and sure
So mokke and skorne them folkes ferre and nere
Whiche of the mater/vnderstande or here
And other Whyles/causes reasonnable
One dooth alledge/and thynges acceptable
For Whiche the Juge departeth them a sondre
All be it so that folkes vpon it Wondre
Thenne one of them or other folysshely
Wyll vse them selfe in lyuynge vycyously
Some tyme the Woman gothe fro t Wone to to Wne
And in to the mennys chaunbres vp and do Wne
Where she her pleasures taketh of the game
And parauenture he Wyll do the same
Supposynge they ben at theyr lyberte
Out of the lepe of maryage and free
But yet be they in Wors cas thenne before
And thus this man hym Wasteth more and more
Of What astate so euer that he be
And in the same maner/Wasteth she
For neuer after maye they Wedde agayne
Durynge theyr lyues by the laWes playne
Of fraunce but yet in englonde other Wyse
They vse and haue a custome and a gyse
Whiche is an other for to take and Wedde
Man or Woman/Where best they can be spedde
Men thynke in fraunce/suche shamed be for euer
As in that Wyse contynue and perserue
And namely yf they be of hyghe parentage
Borne or descended/fro a good lynage
For parauenture a galaunt openly
Within his hous shall kepe her shame fully
So shall he be Within the lepe ado Wne

In sorowe care and lementacyon
Where he alwaye in paynes and dystresse
Shall lyue and ende his dayes in wretchednesse

Here endeth the.x. Joye of maryage

Here begynneth the.xi. Joye of maryage

The.xi. Joye of maryage to saye
Is whan a yonge lusty man and gaye
A gentyll ioly galaunt wyll go oute
For his dysporte/the countrees hym aboute
Into ryght many places all the yere
And in especyall he wyll go where

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Theſe ladyes and the gentyl Women be
After theſtate condycyon or degree
That he is of/and for that he is yonge
And amerous/he preceth them amonge
No charge hathe he of ony other thynge
So that he may contynue his lyuynge
In pleaſures Whiche by nyghtes and by dayes
Ryght many proſtes maketh and aſſayes
And yf it fortune ſo that he may fynde
A lady or a gentyl Woman kynde
With Whome he hathe ſome thynge to do or ſay
His mynde and Wyll applyeth he al Way
And dothe his beſt/her for to pleaſe and ſerue
To that entente he may her grace deſerue
And ſomtyme cometh he in ſuche place
Where as a mayde he fyndeth fayre of face
And parauenture not ſo grete is he
Of lygnage/ne of noble as is ſhe
And for that ſhe ſo goodly is and fayre
Theſe ſupplyauntes ſomtyme to her repayre
And them amonge one is that dothe entrete
Her for to haue/and proferеth gyftes grete
Whome ſhe but lyte refuſeth or denyeth
For euery gentyl Woman her applyeth
The Whiche debonayre is and hathe pyte
Compaſſyon to haue in that degree
On ſuche as them/humbly beſeche and praye
In goodly Wyſe/they ought not to denaye
yf theyr petycyon be reſonnable
Withouten dylonye/a[illegible]nourable
Torne We agayne to this fayre damoyſell
That of her maners ſom What I may tell
Of her conceytes and dyſpoſycyon

Whiche by constraynt or elles oppressyone
Of suche a poore felowe is forlayne
And neuer shall she fynde ne gete agayne
That she hathe lost/for where she was a mayde
So hathe this homely felowe her betrayde
That she is grete w̄ chylde/ẏ whiche her dame
Perceyueth wele/ for she knoweth of the game
And in that crafte she wylye is and felse
For so it fortune may/that she hathe alse
Somtyme ben/in lyke condycyon
The better can she fynde prouysyon
And neuer shall this felowe touche her more
Nor come to her as he was wonte before
The wyfe this mater wyll/so rule and gyde
This counseyll keppynge closse on euery syde
All thynges muste be taken as they be
Of reason/wysedome/and necessyte
This poore damoseyll with chylde/is grete
Whiche of conceyuynge/hathe the tyme forgete
For of herselfe knoweth she but lyte
How she was brought in to suche ease & plyte
And she nothynges knoweth of that arte
Ne what it is she toke so lytell parte
But yf it please our lorde god she shall knowe
How sedes groweth after they be sowe
The moder auyseth wele and seeth her hewe
Whiche knoweth the olde testament and newe
And calleth her in to a secrete place
She sayth come hyder with an euyll grace
Haue I not sayd to the afore this houre
That thou hast lost thy worshyp and honoure
To do as thou hast done thus folyly
But whan a thynge is done what remedye

That thou arte grete With chylde I knowe it Wele/
Tell me the trouthe and dzede the neuer a dele
Nowe kayze moder I wote not as ye saye
To tell you trouthe Whether it be so oz naye
Then sayth the moder/it semeth me al Waye
Whan that the mozowe cometh euery daye
I here the coughe/and pytously fozbzake
And dyuers other countenaunces make
Nowe truely so it is she sayth madame
Ha sayth her moder holde thy pease foz shame
Thou arte With chylde/tell it not all aboute
Ne to none erthely persone bzeke it out
And al Waye take a good respecte and hede
To do as I the shall commaunde and bede
Madame so shall I do in euery thynge
And lowely you obeye/and your byddynge
The moder then sayth to her doughter tho
Hast thou not sene so often come and go
In to our hous suche a yonge squyer ofte
And she sayth yes madame With Wozdes softe
Nowe then aduyse the Wele foz incertayne
To mozowe heder Wyll he come agayne
Then take good hede that thou make hym good chere
In godly Wyse and in thy best manere
And Whan that other gentylmen and me
Thou seest togyder talke/then cast an eye
On hym al Waye/and this good moder so
Her doughter techeth Wele how she shall do
Also I the commaunde and charge yf he
Of ony maner thynges speke to the
Herken hym Wele/and answere curteylly
And Wetely rule thy speche and manerly
And yf he speke of loue/oz thynges lyke

Thenne other whyles softely gyue a syke
And thanke hym hertyly/but say yt wys
Thou knowest not yet/what maner thynge loue is
Ne it to lerne/thou wylte not the apply
Rule and demeane the well and womanly
And golde or syluer yf he proffre the
Thenne take it not in hast/but herken me
yf he the proffre Juell crosse or rynge
Gyrdell bracelet or whe or other thynge
Refuse it gracyouesely/but at the last
yf he it often offre the and fast
Receyue it thenne/in goodly wyse and take
For loue of hym/saynge that for his sake
Thou wyll it kepe/thy kynge no byllonye
Shame ne deceyte/that shall ensuye therby
And whan he taketh leue of the to go
Thenne hym demaunde or he departe the fro
yf one shall see hym hastyly agayne
Wherof say that/thou wolde be glad and fayne
Ytre is this galaunt come whiche shall be cast
ynto the lepe/and therin holden fast
For why the dame wyll cause hym for to wedde
Her doughter sone/and with her do to bedde
yf that she can by ony carfte or wyle
This galaunt she purposeth to be gyle
For he moche hathe/of herytage and rent
And is/but symple and an Innocent
Now cometh he this damoysell to see
In hast for ouer wele at ease is he
Ryght many galaũtes bent haue theyr engyne
To take this damoysell/and vndermyne
The lady taketh a squyer by the hande
Or elles a knyght and other sytte or stande

Whiche Joyeously togyder talke and rayle
This galaunt eke draweth to the damoysayle
And by the hande he dothe her take and holde
Sayenge kayre damoysell good god it wolde
That ye my thought wele knewe and vnderstode
And how may I she sayth for any gode
knowe it/but yf ye wyll it to me saye
What do ye thynke suche thynges as ye ne may
Telle me/nay by my fayth I wolde that ye
knewe it so that It were not sayd by me
Truely she sayth and laugheth prayly
ye telle a thynge to me/so meruaylously
Whiche to be done it is as/in possyble
As for to cause an horse walke in bysyble
yf it had lyked you this glaunt sayth
And no dysplesyr taken in good fayth
I wolde haue playnely shewed you my thought
Now syr sayth she telle on and spare it nought
So moche of you knowe I that by the rode
ye wyll not say/ne the we thynge/but all gode
Maystresse he sayth/ye knowe ryght welle that I
Am but a poore gentylman for why
I wote I am vnworthy/and vnable
To be youre loue/or with you compaygnable
For ye be gentyll fayre and gracyouse
And of all vertues full and beauteuouse
And yf it plealed you to do to me
Suche honour that your louer I myght be
I durst maste myn avaunt that with good wylle
I sholde do all the pleasyrs you vntylle
That any man/by possybylyte
May to his lady do in soueraynte
I shall you serue/and eke your honour kepe

Wore thenne myn owne Whether ye Wake or slepe
Graunt mercy syr thenne sayth this damoysell
But for the loue of god speke neuer adell
Of suche thynges vnto me after this
For I knowe not What maner thynge loue is
Ne yet I Wyll not lerne it ferthermore
For it is not doctryne ne the lore
The Whiche my moder hathe me taught al Waye
Thenne sayth this squyer damoysell in fay
My fayre lady of Whome ye speke is good
But I Wolde not yet that she vnderstode
Suche thynges as be sayd be twerte vs twaye
A syr she sayth yf you I haue herde saye
This other daye/that ye sholde maryed be
Wherof I maruayle and ye come to me
And speke suche/ydell Wordes/and thenne he
Sayth damoysell O benedycyte
Now by my fayth yf that it please yowe
I shall neuer other Wedde I make auowe
Whyle that I lyue/so that ye Wyll me take
As for youre seruaunt and I vndertake
That with my seruyce ye shall be contente
What Wolde ye haue me deshonoured and shente
She sayth/nay yet me leuer Were to dye
Sayth he/thenne for to do you byllonye
For goodes loue be styll and speke no more
Herof and I shall tell you syr Wherfore
yf that/my/moder it perceyue or Wytte
I shall destroyed be I knowe Wele it
And parauenture the moder maketh a sygne
That of her spekynge she shall cesse and fyne
And thenne this galaunt gyueth her a rynge
Under her hande or elles some other thynge

Saynge to her/sayne lady I you pray
Take this and kepe it/for my loue alway
Certes sayth she I wyll not take no
Alas my loue he sayth/why saye ye so
I pray you hertely/and in her hande
He putteth it agayne so as they stande
And she it taketh and sayth/this I receyue
To haue your loue as you may well perceyue
Without thought of thynge/but all honoure
I take wytenesse vnto my sauyoure
The lady of that house thus speketh then
In curteyse wyse vnto the gentyll men
To moro we must I go with goddes grace
Vnto a blysſed lady of ſuche a place
On pylgrymage to ſnche a toune here by
Truely madame they say/tyght vertuously
And well ye speke/and forth withall they go
To souper/and this galaunt euermo
Anenst this damoysell is put or set
That he to her may talke withouten let
And she so well can make her personage
In ſuche a wyse/that he halfe in a rage
With loue is take of her that was so bryght
And beauteuous as semed to his syght
The moro we cometh this company must ryde
On pylgrymage/and lenger not abyde
And all men say they can not se ne fynde
An horse amonge them all þ̄ bereth behynde
Excepte this galaũtes horse there by saynt loy
Wherof grete pleasure taketh he and Joy
For one the damoysell behynde his backe
Dooth sette vpon his horse/and he no lacke
Fyndeth therin/and she clyppeth hym fast

To holde her on the horſe/that he ne caſt
Her doune/and god Wote ther With he is caſed
As an hauke Whiche hathe an heron ſcaſed
Nowdra Weth he nyghe the lepe Withouten bote
They do this forſayd vyage god it Wote
With perfyte mynde/and good entencyon
And home retorne/as made is mencyon
Where merely/they ſet them doune to mete
With ſuche vytayles as they can fynde and gete
And after mete the lady fayre and Well
Booth to her chambre/and this damoyſell
To Whome ſhe ſayth/Whan thou ſpekeſt w̄ this man
Say vnto hym as ſadly as thou can
That there is one/Whiche ſpoken hath to the
Of maryage but thou ne Wylte accorded be
As yet/and yf he offre the to take
Thanke hym/and ſay that he muſt meanes make
To me/and put the mater to my Wyll
And that I do therin thou ſhalte fulfyll
On my behalfe/and ſay that there is none
Kuynge in this Worlde I excepte not one
That thou loueſt halfe ſo Wele in certaynte
As hym/ſo as may ſtande With honeſte
And all they after walketh t Wayne and t Wayne
Togyder arme in arme to the gardeyne
Where as amonge the herbes/and the floures
They ſmell and taſte the holſom ſWete odoures
And playenge take the floures by the ſtalke
Whiche to theyr noſe they put ſo as they Walke
One taketh a geloſer or vyolere
An other plucketh of the englentere
And euery one of them as they eſpye
Take herbe or floure after theyr fantaſye

This galaunt squyre With the doughter gothe
And telleth her euery thynge/but she is Wrothe
Alas she sayth/speke no more so for I
Shall yf ye do/forsake your company
What Wolde ye do me semeth ye suppose
To cause me/myn honoure for to lose
Haue ye not herde of late dayes sayde
That one to mary me hath spoke and prayde
Now by my soule he sayth I can not blame
Hym/though to mary you/he Wolde attame
But I thynke that of myn habylyte
I am as good in value as is he
And eke as able/seruyce you to do
As is the man of Whome that ye speke so
Now by my fayth she sayth than With a syke
I Wolde that he Were to your persone lyke
Graunt mercy fayre damoysell he sayth
For of your grete curteysy in fayth
Well more than I am Worthy/ye me prayse
But ye myn honoure gretely may by rayse
yf ye Wolde take me as your man to grace
To do you seruyce all my lyues space
And she sayth syr graunt mercy ther Withall
This must be spoken in especyall
Unto my fader sadly and my moder
And to my kynne/and frendes dyuers oder
Than sayth he thus/yf I myght know wey they
Sholde be content/I Wold bothe speke & prey
A syr she sayth/be Ware that ye ne saye
That ye to me haue spoken by ony Way
For rather Wolde I suffre dethe than ye
Sholde ony Wordes she We of preuyte
That hathe be sayd in ony maner Wyse

Byt wene vs t wayne/nay that is not my guyse
Sayth he/ whiche to the moder speketh soone
And as god wolde in suche poynte was the moone
Whan he vnto the moder made request
That he all his desyre had at the leest
For he and other haue them trouthes plyght
And peraduenture caused them at nyght
To gyder/for to lye in bedde and slepe
Now is this poore squyre plonged depe
Within the lepe/and spedely they make
The weddynge/for this gentyl womans sake
And hastely they do this mater spede
Bycause her frendes haue grete doute and drede
Leste ony let may come in this matere
For in the wynde the weder was clere
The nyght is come after they be wedde
This damoysell with man must go to bedde
And knowe ye wele/the olde wyle dame
Wyll teche her doughter/somwhat of the game
How she ryght maydenly shall her demeane
As though she were an holy vyrgyn cleane
Syn auctour sayth her moder dooth her teche
That whan her husbande wyll vnto her reche
She shall for drede tremble/quake and crye
And hym withstande/and how that she shall lye
In many maner wyse as sholde a mayde
Upon the nyght whan she fyrst is assayde
Also the moder dooth her well enfourme
How she shall her demeane/and in what fourme
Whan that this galaunt her wolde enforce or stryke
Also sodaynly than shall she sterte and syke
As though she were cast in colde water depe
Up to the brestes/also she shall wepe

But in concluſyon as to the dede
She playneth metely Wele Whan ſhe muſt nede
And yet the fader and the moder bothe
For loue and pyte angry be and Wrothe
Whiche that they haue vpon theyr doughter yonge
Suppoſynge that this man hath doone her Wronge
And cauſes them in preſence to be brought
Now hath this ſquyre founde that he hath ſought
Here may ye ſe one of the greteſt payne
For ſhe Whiche With a ladde hath ben forlayne
Or monethes thre may paſſe and come aboute
Shall haue a baby lapped in a cloute
Oftymes a go then Joyes and pleaſaunce
To heuynes be tourned and penaunce
And peraduenture he ſhall her after bete
And manace curſe and chyde With Wordes grete
And neuer after ſhall good houſholde kepe
So in the lepe he put is for to ſtepe
And out therof he neuer ſhall departe
Of ſorow We and heuynes he ſhall haue parte
And euer more abyde ſhall in dyſtres
Endynge his dayes in care and Wretchednes

Here endeth the enleueth Joye of maryage.

Here begynneth the tWelfth Joye of maryage.

The twelfth Joye of maryage for to say
Is whan a yonge man by many a day
In suche a maner comen hath and gone
That he in to the lepe hath founde anone
The streyght entre/and also ferthermore
He hath her founde Whome he demaunded fore
And he some other myght percas haue had
But for no thynge he Wolde/and he is glad
Of this/for as hym semeth he hath sete
His loue so Wele/that no man coude do bete
And that he Was so happy her to fynde
Whiche so good is/and mete vnto his mynde
And peraduenture suche a man is he

As by her councell Wyll Well ruled be
So that Whan ony Wyght hath for to do
With hym/he sayth I shall go speke vnto
The good Wyfe of our house/and yf she Wyll
It shall be doone/and yf so be she nyll
In no Wyse shall the mater take effecte
As pleaseth her she Wyll graunt or refecte
And here it cometh to the poynte anone
I put the case he be a gentylmon
And that his prynce an army do prepare
With Whiche he is commaunded for to fare
Then yf the Wyfe it Wyll forthe shall he go
And yf she do replye/he shall not so
Unto the Wyfe/thus may he say perchaunce
My loue I must me spedely auaunce
Streyght to the kynges army Well arayed
And she shall say syr/be ye not afrayed
What Wyll ye go and cause you to be slayne
How sholde We do yf ye come not agayne
ye thynke but lyte What shall become of me
And in good poynt/than sholde your chyldren be
But shortely for to speke/yf it her please
He shall go forthe/and somtyme for her ease
Of hym the hous she can delyuer clene
Whan that her lyketh best/here What I mene
For Whyder it pleaseth her hym out to sende
He shall go quyckely forthe/and there an ende
Unto suche sayntes as she auoWe hath made
Whiche to perfourme for her he Wyll be glade
And Whyder ꝑ it be Wynde/sno We hayle or rayne
Upon her byddynge shall he go certayne
And so may be a galaunt herynge this
The Whiche her lemman or her louer is

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And knoweth the entres of the house about
Well vnderstandynge that this man is out
Desyrynge with her for to speke and talke
Withouten taryenge wyll to her walke
For lenger in no wyse may he abyde
But on the nyght/whan come is the tyde
In to her house he entreth secretely
And where as the good man was wonte to ly
This homely galaunt boldely lyeth hym doune
Whiche hath god wote a grete deuocyon
For to accomplysshe his desyres and wyll
And this good wyfe her kepeth close and styll
The whiche dysdeyneth for to crye or call
Ryght well in pacyence she taketh all
For whan some woman seeth a man dooth take
Grete payne and labour onely for her sake
Of pyte neuer wyll she hym refuse
And though that she sholde deye he shall her vse
She hath a bowe that by her standeth bent
And he artyllery that must be spent
It happeth ofte he in the house abydeth
And in a corner preuyly hym hydeth
Whan that a lytell dogge dooth at hym bay
And yf the good man/what is that wyll say
The wyfe wyll answere/syr it is a ratte
That he dooth barke/or elles at the catte
For ofte tymes afore he hath doone so
Thus wyll she say with many wordes mo
So shortly for to speke this man is trapped
And in the lepe he closed is and lapped
She maketh hym the chyldren for to bere
Whan they wolde play/and dady here and there
Also she causeth hym to take and holde

Her spyndell and the thredes to vnfolde
Upon the saterday/Whan she dooth rele
And she Wyll chyde yf he do not Wele
Now hath he foũde a thynge Whiche he hath sought
And vpon hym newly dooth fall a thought
For Warre begynneth in that regyon
And euery man vnto the strongest toune
Wyll dra We that he can fynde to saue his lyfe
But he at home abyde must With his Wyfe
And may not leue her Wherfore he perchaunce
Is take prysoner/and grete fynaunce
Then must he pay/or elles in prysond Well
This can this man of care and sore We tell
Whiche in his husholde kepynge he hath founde
For nyght and day he must trotte on the grounde
Vytayles to gete/or for some other nede
And shortly for to say so dooth he spede
That his poore body neuer shall haue rest
Unto the tyme he put be in his chest
Then falleth he in sykenes and in aege
Wherby With hym is past lust and courage
Well lesse than prayed shall he be al Way
And lyke a foulecouer be cast a Way
Whiche is not Wrothe to occupy that crafte
So is all Ioye and pleasure hym beraft
The Wyfe hath doughters two or thre or mo
Whiche Wolde be maryed/and they be not so
Wherfore they prayse this good man but a lyte
But haue hym in dysdayne/and grete dyspyte
In to the goute he falleth seke and sore
And helpe hymselfe so shall he neuer more
For euyll paynes suche as he hath had
Whiche With his Wyfe/hath thus ben ouerlad

Than may this poore man his synnes wepe
Within the lepe/ Where he is closed depe
Out of the whiche he neuer shall departe
But styll remayne/ and euer take his parte
Of Joyes suche as be in maryage
Whiche he from youth hath founde vnto his aege
And yet hym fallen is more heuynesse
For he ne dare cause for to synge a messe
Ne make his last wyll and testament
But yf his wyfe ther vnto wyll consent
For he to her so buxome is and bonde
That body and soule he putteth in her hande
Thus lyth he his lyfe in languysshynge
Alway/ and eke a sore wfull endynge
He shall sustayne and wretchedly his dayes
This man shall ende without en myrth or playes
And all is the cause of his good wyfe
That causeth hym so to be caytyfe

Here endeth the twelfth Joye of maryage.

Here begynneth the .xiii. Joye of maryage.

The.xiiii. Joye of maryage is so
That whan that he whiche wedded is also
Within the lepe hathe ben and dwelled there
With his good wyfe well syre or seuen yere
Or elles peraduenture more or lesse
The certaynte whcrof I do but gesse
And demeth he is sure by his aduyle
That he hath founde a woman good and wyse
With whome he rested hath in grete pleasaunce
And he a gentylman may be perchaunce
Whiche for to gete hym worlhyp and honoure
Wolde put hym forthe to do his best deuoure
Then to his wyfe he wyll declare and say

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My loue I muſt ryde out on my Iourney
To ſuche a londe nyghe to the realme of fraunce
Where I may wynne grete fame and valyaunce
And ſhe ther with ofte wolde hym clyppe and kys
Weppynge and ſyghynge/and ſay O what is thys
Alas my loue wyll ye departe ſo ſoone
Leuynge me here with all this charge to doone
And in no wyſe ye vnderſtande certayne
Iſ ones or neuer ye ſhall come home agayne
Bothe nyght and daye ſhe dooth vpon her ſyde
All that ſhe can to cauſe hym to abyde
My loue layth he. I muſt of veray nede
This Iourney take on me how ſo I ſpede
Or elles ſhall I leſe/bothe the fees and wage
All that I haue and eke myn herytage
The whiche I holde/and with goddes grace
I ſhall come home agayne in lytell ſpace
And in aduenture he gooth ouer the ſe
With ſuche a prynce or in a grete arme
To gete hym honoure/or for chyualry
So of his wyfe than taketh he congye
Whiche maketh all the dole that one can make
At ſuche departynge for her huſbandes ſake
For yf he be ſuche one as loueth honour
There is no wyfe loue ne peramour
That frome the dede of armes may hym holde
Iſ he an hardy perſone be and bolde
Turne we agayne to this nobleman anone
The whiche vpon his vyage forthe is gone
And vnto god he recommaundeth all
His wyfe and his chyldren in eſpecyall
It happeth that he ouer the ſee gooth clere
And where his ennemyes are he dyd weth nere

His fortune may so by aduenture vary
That yeres thre or foure he shall out tary
How he is deed the Wyfe than hath herde say
Wherof she maketh sorow Wes nyght and day
So grete that for to here it is meruayle
But al Way may she not so Wepe and Wayle
For blyssed be god/she dooth appece at last
And so it happeth that she is maryed fast
Unto an other man/and dooth forgete
Her olde husbande/and all the Joyes grete
And loue/that she vnto hym bare in her mynde
Here may ye se/that she can torne and Wynde
For now the solace and the pleasures olde
And feruent loue With her be Waxen colde
Whiche to her husbande she Was Wonte to make
And reason Why/for she a ne We hath take
The folkes then/suche as afore haue sene
The maner of the delynge them byt Wene
Sayth that this ne We man she loueth more
Than that she dyde her husbande here tofore
But so it is as fortune dooth constrayne
Her other husbande cometh home agayne
Whiche olde and feble gro Wen is to se
For al Way at his pleasure Was not he
And Whan he to his countree dra Weth nere
Ofne Wes hastely he dooth enquere
Bothe of his Wyfe/and of his chyldren all
Grete doute he hath/ho W it is With them all
Supposynge they be deed or elles greued
Some other Wyse Whiche he Wolde Were releued
And prayeth god them for to saue and kepe
Full pytously Well nye in poynte to Wepe
And it may happen Well in the same houre

That this man prayed deuoutly forto socure
He Whiche the Wyfe so Wedded late agayne
Enbraceth her fast in his armes twayne
Than hereth he how that they maryed were
But how he pleased is suche newes to here
I trowe the sorowe of Abraham & the payne
Was not so grete/Whiche his sone sholde haue slayne
Ne yet the sorowe of Jacob and his sone
To his were lyke/ne none vnder the sonne
For Tantalus Whiche cheyned lyeth in hell
Can not of greter payne and sorowe tell
Than this poore man Whiche dooth hym selfe so cast
In suche a sorowe as shall endure and last
Perpetuelly/Whiche he shall not recure
Ne yet forgete/but in the same endure
And other Whyle the chyldren haue grete shame
To se theyr moder/brought in suche defame
And neuer shall they mary one ne other
Of many a yere/for myscrule of the mother
It fortune may/somtyme that in batayle
As it dooth oft/some man dooth not preuayle
But at a skarmysshe/slayne is cruelly
Or in a felde myn auctour sayth/for Why
Ofte happeth it/that he Whiche hath the ryght
Shall vaynquysshed be/or elles put vnto flyght
I put case that this man gooth to his Wyfe
And in his yre Wyll make debate and stryfe
With her and With her husbande Wedded newe
Now What a vengeaunce herof may ensewe
He cometh home With swerdes sharpe and bryght
And peraduenture late Within the nyght
Whiche fyndeth them togyder bothe in bedde
Than swereth he by the blode that Jhesus bledde

They ſhall be ſlayne Without en ony remedy
And they aryſe bothe all haſtely
Afore that he the dooresc an vp breke
And ryght pyteouſly to hym dooth ſpeke
Alas my loue ſhe ſayth/ What do ye now
I wende ye had ben deed I make auow
By many a man it hath ben iheWed and ſayd
That ye Were ſlayne and in your graue layde
But for that I Wolde know We the certaynte
I Was vnmaryed more than yeres thre
And ſuche a ſorowe made I nyght and day
That all my Wytte and reaſon fyll a Way
Helples I Was/longe tyme in Wo and care
And god it Wote full euyll dyde I fare
That ye Were deed/eche man ſayd out of doute
And I ne coude Well bringe ỹ Worlde aboute
Wherfore my frendes aduyſed me to mary
And ſo I dyde/for What cauſe ſholde I tary
ye neuer ſente me Worde/how that ye dyde
But ye al Way your counceyle fro me hyde
And as this Wyly Woman ſtode and talked
The newly Wedded huſbande/ſoftely ſtalked
And toke a bowe in hande/and dyde it bende
And boldly ſayd/he Wolde his place defende
Than ſayd the Wyfe vnto her huſbandes bothe
Good gentyll ſyrs/yf ye Wolde not be Wrothe
But Well agre/I truſt you bothe to pleaſe
My ſelfe/and you at euery tyme Well eaſe
The olde huſbãde thus knoWyng of theyr dede
Departeth lodaynly/for he muſt nede
With ſhame ynough/and haſteth hym a Way
And they Within the houſe laſt laugh and play
And after this ſo ſeke he is and ſadde

That he within a whyle is waren madde
Wherfore I say/he that may fortune so
As dyde this man whiche wolde for honour go
The way in to the lepe of maryage
Streyght hath he founde as byde in to the cage
How be it he afore was not so wyse
Of so grete Jeoperdyes to take aduyse
So shall he lede his lyfe and hym enable
To be a fole/and mete to bere the bable
And at the last in paynes greuously
He shall his dayes ende/and wretchedly

Here endeth the.xiii. Joye of maryage.

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